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# The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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WEEK ENDING JULY 29TH, 1911.

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*I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.*

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 143.

WEEK ENDING JULY 29TH, 1911.

ONE PENNY.

OVERCOMING SOME TRYING  
ORDEALS.  
Mark you, it is a SLAB OF STANDARD BREAD.

ORDEALS.

Mark you, it is not necessary to eat Standard bread at all. It is only recommended by the "Daily Mail." As we all know, the "Mail" advises the female gender performs. This, quietly, is the reason our subject, the absorption of a chunk of Standard bread. The best thing to do is to grate it carefully into fine crumbs, then boil it in water until it is of the consistency of porridge, add a generous nose of whisky, and swallow it with your finger and held tightly between your left thumb.

In this way it will be hardly distinguishable from the "Blast, mon!" "Take Nots," or other products that are so widely advertised.

TO PROPOSE.

"What you should say is 'I know you're lazy. If you want a good home, where I can have nothing to do but mend my clothes and things during the daytime, and be a fuss of me when I come back from the office at night, you can marry me. What do you say?'"

"If she says 'No,' don't worry. Perhaps you are really better off."

ENJOY SOME OF OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The lengthwise into four or five  
The fragments will supply you with  
spills for lighting your pipe.

SIT OUT A MUSIC-HALL SHOW.

and so fit up your time this way: whom enjoying the bar, talking to the (another you are keeping her from serving) (there is nothing like a nap for giving an appetite for supper), and an hour showing to the manager why you think probably rotten. This latter expedient than you gain you a lot more excitement than you paid your money for.

C. HARRIS.

CHEEK.

A man who was recently sent to ten years' imprisonment was by profession a baker. It is safe to say that after a sentence like that he will knead no more for a long while.

A writer gives to an article on hard-worked State officials the title of "The Bored Great." I suppose he means that those officials are well drilled.

Mr. H. G. Péliissier is going to "pot" "Baby Mine." A crusty old bachelor agrees that something of the kind ought to be done to every baby, whoever it belonged to.

When a woman has been married about six months she writes to her mother to send on the old clothes which she refused to take with her.

A commercial company advertises its method of "Trim Waist Measurement." It has always struck me that trim waists should be measured with an arm.

The "Atlantic Star" announces that "love is never blind to a big bank account." On the other hand, a big bank account is very often blind to love.

Mr. Marshall P. Wilder contributes to a contemporary an article "In Praise of English Clubs." Those of the Indian variety are good enough for a great many of us.

Says "M.A.P." sententiously: "You can get just as drunk on teetotalism as you can on drink." Personally I know which I prefer.

Retribution is the thing you expect to happen to all those you don't like.

A woman hates to see a man laughing at her when she is sharpening a pencil, but she gets her own back when she sees him trying to thread a needle.

A contemporary points out that "The latest American topic is the Jinx.  $\Sigma = \bar{\alpha}$  Everyone must have his Jinx nowadays." Several of the "n'huts" of the Metropolis have written up to express their approval of high Jinx.

Everybody seems to dislike the new stamps. The chief objection is that nobody can "stick" them.

The favourite stroke for the heat wave:  
The sun stroke;

J. S. Cox

## RIVER BATHING.

## SOME HINTS AND SOME DANGERS.

Doubtless at this time of the year most men who live anywhere near a clear river or stream will have enjoyed a morning plunge or two, at an hour before the world and his wife—especially the latter—is about, and the great majority of those fortunate men will make a business of doing so every day.

But for the man who is not an habitual bather in rivers, and especially for him who has only recently gone in for swimming or open-air bathing at all, there are one or two vital points to remember.

The man who works in a big inland town where the only opportunity for bathing is offered by the swimming bath is often apt to run counter, when on a river holiday, to many rules of health that govern river bathing.

First of all, choose clear water, and always wade in when you are entering the water for the first time.

The man who makes a graceful dive into muddy water, and strikes his head on a boulder that is only submerged about three inches, is apt to regret his performance when it is too late.

Look carefully around you when choosing your bathing spot, to see whether there is any patient angler anywhere near by. If so don't bathe there. You don't want to scare his fish away, and spoil sport.

There are strong currents in rivers, and one must be cautious.

Don't, unless you know the river, bathe just above a weir. The water may be deep and may appear to be almost motionless, and therefore tempting for a dive, but wherever there are weirs there is danger for the swimmer. Beneath the placid surface of the water there may be a strong undercurrent running to one of the sluices in the weir.

Never bathe in a river where there is the slightest indication of weeds.

Don't bathe in water whose banks bear a board warning trespassers that they will be prosecuted.

An irate owner once found a man bathing under such conditions, and promptly threw the offender's clothes into the road, about a hundred yards off, saying that neither they nor their owner had any right on his ground. Consequently the unfortunate bather had to scuttle out, and pick them up, in nature's garb and in broad daylight.

Finally, don't stay in too long, even on a hot day. River water seems delightfully warm, but it is far more apt to chill the system than sea water, in which the salt has a warming and stimulating effect on the body.

P. R. HENRY.



# MORSEY HINTS

## TIPS IN GENERAL BY AN OLD HAND.

One of the first considerations of the horseman is to make his beast last as long as possible.

A horse that is well cared for will look as young at fifteen as a carelessly-managed horse will at five.

One of the first considerations of the horseman should be regarding the bedding.

There are some horses which take nearly all their rest standing, and are hardly ever to be found lying down. It is evident that the weight of their bodies being constantly on their legs, their legs are going to give out sooner than those of a horse that sleeps lying down.

If you examine some stables, it is not difficult to see why the horses do not lie down; it is because their beds are not comfortable. Give a horse a really comfortable dry and springy bed, and the chances are ten to one that he will avail himself of it.

Many kinds of bedding are used for horses, but the two most in favour are straw and moss litter.

Moss litter is an excellent deodoriser, and a stable in which this bedding is used generally smells very sweet and clean, but, for that very reason, the man in charge of the horse is apt to neglect the necessary attention to the bedding. Besides, moss litter never looks so comfortable as does a nice bed of clean straw.

### THE BEST BEDDING.

Of all the different kinds of straw, wheat straw is probably the best. It is long and tough, and proves more economical than other types of straw. Moreover, it is not a sweet straw, and it is not often that horses eat it.

When you buy straw for bedding a horse, you should give attention to its quality, for if it is damp, or dusty, or broken, it will not last half so long as a better quality of straw would do.

In making up a horse's bed you should never have all the straws lying one way. shake them up well, so that they cross one another, and so make the bed much more elastic and springy than if the straws were all lying regularly.

It is not necessary to make a horse's bed right up to the front of his stall, because when a horse lies down he usually gets well back, in fact, as far as the chain attached to his head-collar will allow him.

### FEEDING.

In regard to the feeding of horses, it must be remembered that the horse is living in artificial conditions.

The wild horse has no exercise demanded of him except in getting from one place to another in search of better feeding, and his needs in regard to food are comparatively small. The horse as we know him, however, is worked much harder, and to enable him to do his work we have to feed him up to it.

That should always be remembered, and a horse should be carefully fed according to the amount of work he has to do.

When a horse is being given a rest, either because of illness or for any other reason, his allowance of such food as oats should be cut down considerably, for otherwise he will be accumulating an amount of energy for which



there will be no outlet in the usual form of work, and he will become troublesome, and possibly vicious.

Many mistakes are made in regard to the clothing of a horse. Horses that are well fed need very little clothing, even if they have been clipped, but there are many grooms who put on rug after rug upon their horses, in order to make their coats sleek and shiny, for rugging has this effect upon the coat, but it undermines the horse's constitution, and makes him—just like a man who wears too many clothes—more likely to catch chills and other maladies than he would otherwise be.

It is not every horseman who really understands the use of bandages. These are applied to a horse's legs to keep them

warm, and thus induce a greater flow of blood to them, and, therefore, a more rapid recovery of the muscles from the day's work.

Bandages also have the effect of reducing swollen legs.

In many cases they are extremely useful, and in no instances do they do any harm, provided they are properly put on.

### HOW TO PUT ON A BANDAGE.

To put on a bandage properly, you should start just below the knee in the case of a foreleg, or at the hock in the case of a hind leg. Turn the end of the bandage round the leg, and start rolling it downwards, taking a slightly slanting direction.

Considerable practice is necessary to find just the amount of slant that should be given to the bandage. The great thing is to see that it is sufficient to make the bandage lie quite flat to the leg.

When you reach the coronet the direction of the bandage will change automatically, and you will find it will turn upwards without any slackness of the cloth.

Continue rolling it upwards until the knee or the hock is again reached. Fix the end of the bandage with the tapes attached to it for this purpose, and be sure that the knot with which you fix it comes on the outside of the leg, for otherwise the horse may rub it until the tapes become loose.

### KNEE-CAPS.

On taking off the bandage, roll it up as you go along, so that it will be ready for use when next required.

When dealing with young horses, or horses liable to stumble, it is sometimes necessary to use knee-caps, which, though useful, are never ornamental. Their purpose is to prevent the horse's knees from injury if he happens to go down, but if the knee-caps are badly adjusted they are likely to do more harm than good.

To fix a knee-cap properly, you should have the strap at the top just tight enough to keep the cap from slipping down over the knee, and also to keep it facing the front, but the strap at the bottom of the cap should be left slack, to allow the knee joint perfect freedom when the horse is lifting his leg. A badly fixed knee-cap will make a horse fall.

With regard to harness, the utmost attention should be paid not only to the careful preservation of the various straps, and the thorough burnishing and polishing of the metal parts, but also to whether the harness fits the horse perfectly.

The majority of the skin wounds to which a

horse is liable are due to ill-fitting harness, and particularly to badly-made saddles.

It would be impossible here to lay down any instructions as to the remodelling, or readapting of the saddle, and the best thing you can do if you find that it is injuring your horse's back, is to take it to the saddler's at once, and have it altered.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF THE BIT.

So far as the pleasant working of a horse is concerned, a good deal depends upon the way in which he is bitted.

The majority of horses will work in almost any kind of bit, but there are many whose mouths or tempers are peculiar, and who require particular care in this matter.

A vast number of different kinds of bits have been invented, a great many of them with the object of making it easier to drive a pulling horse.

In some cases a puller may be cured by changing him from a flat mouthpiece to a port, while in other cases, the mistake that has been made has been to drive him with a Liverpool or a Weymouth bit.

There are many horses which will pull hard with several bits, but will go as well as you please with an ordinary snaffle, provided that the driver has those delicate hands which are part of the art of horsemanship.

Similarly a horse will often go quietly with a loose curb-chain, and pull hard if it is tightened.

C. W. PYATT.

### "TAKING YOUR GUARD."

#### THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG WAY OF DOING IT.

The formality of walking out to the wicket and taking one's block is, to the average man, so disturbing in character that it is probably responsible for nine out of every ten "blobs" that are recorded every year. Another reason for it, probably, is, however, that so few men during their first few overs are guarding their wickets correctly.

Say you are taking "middle and leg" guard—a position which we will choose as an example—by reason of its being the most common one. Take your guard about twelve inches behind the popping crease, and, having turned the blade sideways for the edification of the umpire at the bowler's wicket, place it lightly, face foremost, on the mark where the block is.

The toe of your right foot should correctly be placed so as to be just clear of the inner edge of the bat, which will thus bring it just outside the wicket. Your left leg should be about a foot and a quarter in front of you; you will thus be quicker in your movements on your right foot. To rest any of it upon your left—or, more horrible still, on your bat—as some men have been known to do, is the very acme of bad position. Turn your left shoulder well towards the bowler.

To test whether the balance of your position is correct, you cannot do better than stand your bat and your left leg simultaneously off the ground. If you find yourself still and firm on your right leg, your position at the wicket is correct.

Finally, here are some big points in a nutshell:

- (a) Grip your handle more firmly with your right hand than with the left.
- (b) Keep the right toe just clear of the wicket.
- (c) Keep all the weight of your body on the right foot.
- (d) Keep your right knee straight.
- (e) Turn your left shoulder well across the wicket.

E. BECK.



## FROM THE BRINK



came to be in these straits—a mere youngster!"

"How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"As much as that? I shouldn't have thought it! London born?"

"No."

She added in a low voice: "I don't want you to ask me where I come from."

"Very well, I won't. But it seems to me rather dreadful—"

"I've only been on the streets a week," she said.

"Only!" She shrank a little at his emphasis. "Don't talk of it in that simple way," he went on. "It makes me angry. Not angry with you, but at the cruelty of things."

He was more moved than he would have cared to admit.

"Something will have to be done for you, that's very plain," he continued, eyeing her up and down almost resentfully.

Her eyes fell before his gaze. She seemed about to cry again.

He had a masterful way with him, this big, burly, hard-featured man with the kindly eyes that belied the sternness of his face.

He put his hand on her shoulder, and still her eyes were fixed on the pavement.

"Look at me," he said.

She looked up.

"Now, tell me! You're horribly miserable, aren't you?"

She nodded.

"You don't want to go on with this?"

"No."

"You've been driven to it because you've been treated badly, isn't that it?"

"Yes."

"In other words, a man."

Silence.

"Are you still fond of him?" he asked her, encouraging her to answer with a smile.

"I hate him," she said quietly.

"Do you ever see him?"

"No."

"He has no hold on you of any kind?"

"None. I'll tell you if you'll listen. Oh, I want to tell somebody. He persuaded me to leave home and go with him. He was on the stage, and gave me a small part. He was kind for a time, and I got on well. Then—"

He changed his fancy—and fired you concluded her companion grimly. "Yes, I understand. And you, having no money, and thinking you could never return home—oh, you sad, silly little thing! For such a man as that!"

"Now look at me! A long look! Am I a man to be trusted, do you think? I'm in a terrible temper with you, but I want to help you, all the same. You touch me, somehow. . . . Will you trust me?"

She nodded.

"You'll have to get out of this neighbourhood to begin with. Then we'll put our heads together and see about getting you a berth. If you've a talent for the stage, and like it. . . . Well, all that can be discussed later on. The imperative necessity is that you should go in and get to bed. You look tired out."

"I'm—trying—not to cry," she said, smiling bravely through her tears.

He slid his hands down her arms till her fingers were locked in his.

"I am going to stand by you," he said, firmly. "I am going to be your honest friend, asking nothing except that you will forget the past and believe that the future is your own. Too often we men have pushed you women over the brink. For once in a way, we'll have it otherwise."

She bent suddenly to one of his hands and kissed it. He withdrew it quickly, but not before it was wet with her tears.



By R. D. CROMBIE.

SADDEST SIDE.

He really did not want to have anything to do with her at all. She happened to be sitting next him in one of the comfortably furnished-up cinematograph theatres in the West-End, and at the conclusion of a series of pictures representing "La Tosca," she chanced to remark:

"I like those tragic stories better than the farcical knockabout things, don't you?" she said.

"Yes, far better," said he, turning his head. It was the brief lighted interval during which the films were changed, and he saw her daily vivid-eyed and oval-faced, with artificially tinted lips, and a smile which arrested him, for the smile was slightly tremulous. She seemed to be emotionally moved.

"They're clever at facial play—those French people."

"Not that so much. The terrible story—"

"Yes." They made a mess of it, didn't they?"

"Fate did."

She said it simply, as one who has had past experience. He guessed, as in a flash, which there had been tragedy in her life, did, he asked her, "if you had found your lover dead when you expected him to be alive?"

"Yes," he said, myself over the parapet, do you mean?"

"I should—if I hadn't been stopped. If you're stopped . . . you've time to think."

"Ah! . . . not so easy."

"Besides," she said, "there are other ways of getting your own back."

"Fate," whom?"

"But—"

"How minute!" confiding we've got, all in a minute!" she said. "What's next? Oh! Shall we?"

He was conscious of odd irritation that she should press her knee against his during the following set of pictures. It was not that he objected to the furtive familiarity, but it seemed rather out of keeping with the glimpse of her character which she had given him.

He wished she did not interest him; he did not want to be bothered with her.

When the lights went up again, she turned to him with sparkling eyes, which lost their lustre as he rose.

"Off?" she said, disappointed.

"Can I come with you?"

The request—it came quickly—was timid. Something stirred within him; an unaccountable vibration of pity.

"No reason why you shouldn't, if you want to," he laughed.

And they passed out into the street together. "Well, now?" he asked her, with friendly, indulgent gaze. She was, after all, only a little thing, and quite young.

"I'm not particular," she said. "If you like, eat?"

"I'm not thirsty, but—if you like."

"You're a quaint kid!" he said, amused at her naïveté. "Come along!"

She was really fascinating, he found. She had not even a flavour of vulgarity, once she

was sure he was pleased with her. And he began to be glad he had met her.

She stood by while he paid the cabman. There was a street-lamp close by, and as the taxi sped away and he turned to her, in the dim light he caught once again an impression of her immaturity, felt that she was a child in spite of her paint and perfume.

The waiting expectancy of her pose jarred on him.

He glanced up at the uninviting house where she had her room, and then again at her.

She was watching him with her round, vivid eyes. Her lips were parted, and on them played a faintly tremulous smile, which moved him, strangely, to a spasm of self-contempt.

"Look here!" he said abruptly. "I'm not coming in with you."

"Oh!" she said.

"I've altered my mind. We've had a jolly little time together, so don't let's spoil it. You run into the house like a good girl, and go to bed."

"Don't you like me?" she said.

"Of course I like you, you funny kid! But not in that way. You're too decent, and that's the honest truth! What's the matter? What are you looking so troubled about? Do you want some money?"

"No."

"Got any?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Plenty . . . as much as I want to go on with . . . it isn't that."

"Well, what is it?"

She had turned away. He gently pulled her round.

"Bless me!" he said, genuinely concerned; "there are tears in the kiddie's eyes. Whatever is it? You're not offended because I offered you money, are you?"

"No."

"Well, what then?"

"You thought me decent," she sobbed, with lowered head, "and it's hard to bear."

"Poor child!" he thought.

"Come!" he said, "lift your head up. Where's your handkerchief? Here! have mine. Oh, you little silly, you! You've made yourself quite a sight. Now, smile. If you don't smile I shall go and leave you. That's better . . . but it was rather a shaky one. Can't you do better than that? I never came across such a helpless, pathetic little thing in my life! What you want is someone to look after you. Are you quite on your own?"

She nodded, twisting her handkerchief into a ball in an aimless fashion.

"Not anybody?"

A head-shake.

"This is worse and worse! However you

# TAKING A YOUNGSTER ROUND THE TOWN

COMMENTS AND REMINISCENCES BY ONE WHO IS OLD IN LONDON LIFE.

It often falls to the lot of a grown man to take a young one round the town, to show him a bit of life and the "ropes" in general.

Your convoy may be a younger brother, some other young relative, or an old friend's son who has come up to town from the country.

It is both a delight and a heavy responsibility to take a young man round. I have been through it both as convoy and as "bear-leader."

Shortly after I left school an elder brother whom I had not seen for many years came home from abroad. We were then living in a provincial city and he paid us a visit. He seemed very old to me—as a matter of fact, he was about thirty—and while I knew what the inside of a saloon bar looked like, I didn't dare suggest a drink to him when we were out in the town.

I know now that to him I appeared a mere child, and he was loth to disturb my innocence. The result was that for days we mooned about extremely bored with each other.

At last one day he stopped short outside an hotel buffet. "Look here, Jack," he said, "I simply must have a drink. Do you mind waiting for me?"

"I'm coming inside with you," said I, firmly, "but we won't go in there; we'll go along to the Palmerston, where there is a bewchus barmaid who mixes ripping cocktails."

## A BELATED DISCOVERY.

"Great Scott! young 'un," said my brother, "I wish I had known this before. I've been walking about cursing you for a milksop."

"And I've been walking about cursing you for an old woman," said I. We nearly fell into each other's arms with relief, and the only ice broken was not that in the cocktails.

Had not my brother spoken he would have gone away to London leaving me behind. As it was, when he went up to town to have a well-earned fling, he took me with him and showed me "life," as understood in the little village.

Left to myself in London I should probably have come to grief, but under my brother's guidance I learned those things that a man must learn sooner or later, and also to take care of myself, and how to enjoy a night out without making a beast of oneself.

I mention this incident because at first there is bound to be constraint between an elder and younger man when they meet for the first time.

## OVER THE COFFEE AND CIGARS.

Probably the older man has invited the younger to dinner at his club, and it is over the coffee and cigars that the pinch comes. Each is uncertain of the other.

"Now what would you like to do?" says the elder.

The youngster would like to propose a music-hall, but is afraid to—it might shock the old buffer—so he murmurs sheepishly that he "doesn't mind."

"Well, I suppose we had better do a theatre," says the elder, resignedly, or, very doubtfully, "have you ever been to a music-hall?"

The youngster, brightening up, admits that



he is a constant patron of the local variety show.

"Good," says the old buffer, vastly relieved. "We can stroll along to the Empire there's a devilish—I mean a very good ballet there; at least, so I've heard."

And so to the Empire, where the "old gentleman" is very well known indeed, and meets many friends, to whom he introduces his young charge.

They take stock of him, see that he is the right sort, and, remembering what they were like as boys, they take him along to a Bohemian club, which to him seems a tremendously fast and wicked place, though really it is highly respectable, and the men he meets there are all gentlemen and good fellows

who would scorn to take advantage of his inexperience.

If the youngster has behaved himself, he will be taken out again and again, shown the whole panorama of London life, taught whom and what to avoid, what is "good form" and what is not, until he is strong enough to stand on his own two feet. All this without having come to an ounce of harm, though his eyes have been opened and he knows a lot more than he did when he first came to town.

## BROADENING HIS OUTLOOK.

Lucky the youngster who is guided through London or any big city by a gentleman who is also a man of the world.

The more experienced, even the more hardened his guide, the more careful will he be to see that his charge suffers no hurt, while at the same time showing him things as they really are.

It is delightful to take a healthy young man round the town, but it is rather a saddening pleasure.

You must destroy many a cherished illusion. You have to teach him that all women are not angels, that every man is not the soul of honour.

It is painful to chill his enthusiasm, but it must be done.

## A TOUCH OF SADNESS.

His naïveté, his impressionableness, his readiness to be interested and amused are charming, but they make you feel old and grey, for such emotions are no longer for you.

The "morning after" has no terrors for him. He can sit up till four in the morning and be up again at seven bright, fresh, and wholesome. But you have arrived at an age when you pay for late hours in deepening crow's feet, added lines, and a disordered digestion.

Still, I never grudge taking a youngster round the town. I remember the men who were good to me when I was a callow fledgling, and, remembering, I try to repay the debt by being good to the rising generation.

J. B.

## THE "NO-TOBACCO" DAY.

There are many men who make a habit of dropping smoking altogether for one day in every week.

The idea is a comparatively new one, and has the support of learned doctors.

The weekly abstinence has the effect of making tobacco all the more enjoyable when you start smoking again, and it prevents the smoking habit from getting beyond your control.

## BOOTS FOR TRAMPING.

POINTS TO LOOK TO WHEN BUYING THEM.

Boots are sometimes cheap—when you get a good price for them. They are never cheap at any other price.

One of the chief objections to a so-called cheap boot is the skimping in the amount of leather put into the various parts of the article.

Two parts are very important to the man who must have sound feet—the athletic man. These are the tongue and the uppers, in both cases much misery often follows wearing of "cheap" boots which are deficient in those two points.

In a "cheap" boot the tongue is narrow and of inferior material. More than not it is of some substitute for leather that is not by any means "just as good." The consequence is that it wrinkles up into a long thin strip which fails to do what it should do—this is, to act as a sort of protection between the laces and the foot.

When the tongue does not act in this way the laces are apt to cut the instep and the instep is cut or grazed or made raw, it is very difficult to heal because that part of the foot is always being used and any wound thus kept open.

Then the tongue should act as a preventive of the entry of dust into the boot. It cannot be done if the tongue does not run right across the boot opening.

The second important matter in buying boots is to see that the uppers run sufficiently high above the ankle. The bones that rise from the ankle are very tender. They are close to the surface, and the least pressure of the laces or of the knobs where the hooks are fastened into the leather often leads to an excruciating pain.

Most men have had this unpleasant experience. They seek relief by undoing the laces and doing them up afresh, in vain degrees of tightness; but, as a rule, this gives no relief.

The real cause is that the boots, being "cheap," do not come sufficiently far up the leg to enable the laces to be tied round the more fleshy part.

While on the subject of boots, it may be well, in view of the coming holiday season, to deal with the subject of nails.

There is no special necessity for nails on ordinary walking boots so long as fairly level ground only is covered. There is no strain on the legs, and consequently there is no likelihood of a slip, up or down, sideways. But the moment that the ground is attacked, either on roads or paths, or hills, or rocky, hard surfaces, the need for nails becomes imperative, from many points.

In the first place it should be remembered that the nails in boots for such exercises as hill climbing should not be spread all over the surface as in the country labourer's worn nailed boots. These nails get worn down, and form a smooth, slippery surface that will not give the wearer as good a foothold even as ordinary town boots scarcely a nail in them.

The nails should be dotted about the sole in clumps of three or so, projecting from the sole in such a way that the tread is uneven or uncomfortable.

It must be remembered that it is not on rocks that such nailed boots are a necessity. On the greenest, softest turf or grassy downs and hills the nails are a tremendous help to the walker. Without them the soles of the boots are rubbed smooth and slip after half-an-hour's tramping, and the walker takes the usual "one step forward and one backward."

A. GIBSON.



# THE DAILY ROUND

INTEREST TO ALL WHO FIND LIFE MONOTONOUS.

somewhere in the middle of your dreams comes a tapping, and possibly about tapping you weave another dream, for imagination works quickly in sleep. Then usually you realise that the tapping is a one, and that it is on your door. You close your eyes and shout "Thank you." The tapping ceases, and you know that your feet are outside your bedroom. You are in the beginning of another day's work, and you wish that you could be awakened in some other manner. You were awakened in the same way yesterday, and the day before that, and for weeks and weeks in that way again. You are sick and tired of that again.

**OLD EVERYTHING.** You get out of bed, put on your dressing-gown, and make your way to the bath room. Even in the water there is no interest. The temperature is just the same as it was yesterday. There is the same old slit that has to be avoided in your razor strop when you sharpen the implement with which you cleanse your face. The soap you use is the same old chosen originally because of its delightful and unusual smell, but now you have become accustomed to that smell, and you loathe it. Your tooth powder tastes the same as always. You return to your bedroom, and dress in the same old clothes, hating every garment you put it on.

You go down to breakfast and eat the same old food. You did not quite know what there would be for breakfast, but you knew it would be a selection from the old menu—ham and eggs, grilled kidneys, last, though the recent addition of salads, to the hot weather, being now some of the old, and seeming as stale and uninteresting as all the other items.

**THE EXISTING.** You go upstairs again to clean your teeth with the same meal in the same old way. You brush your hat and are bidden good-bye in the same old style, and you catch the same train. You get back to the same old office, the same kind of work as you did yesterday, get out to lunch at the same time, and work back promptly at the same old time. In the afternoon in the old way, take the same train home and have the usual type of dinner, and the evening in accordance with your usual views of amusement.

It is a bit wearisome, but that is the point of view of the man who is not living but only existing. To the day's work is the daily round, and the only variety is when he wakes up and discovers that it is not a week-day but a day morning.

**OF IT ALL.** But even his Sundays give him little change, for he spends them all in a similar manner. He goes for a walk either alone or with friends in the morning, he eats a heavy meal, and he has a snooze in the afternoon. He wonders at that a man living like that, and feeling like that, gets sometimes he labours along these lines for years, and sometimes he breaks



away from the routine, chucks his job, and trusts to luck to get another that will at least be different, even if the money earned is less.

Sometimes he emigrates to the Colonies. Sometimes he joins the Army. And he does it all to get rid of the wearying, horrible monotony that is bearing him down.

But he will never get rid of it by these methods. The new job which he takes up will have the same old routine. Army or Colonial life, interesting and romantic as it may seem to him while he is a city worker, will prove to have just the same kind of routine as the office work he has left in disgust.

All impressions and feelings centre in the brain, and it is to his mind and not to his circumstances that the man afflicted by the monotony of the daily round should give his attention.

## THE WAY TO AVOID IT.

To be relieved from the ghastly boredom of monotony he must change his outlook on life.

A man who is intensely human never becomes bored. He is interested in all the men and women with whom he comes into contact, no matter how often he meets them. To him each of them has his or her personal feelings and troubles. He is not the only pebble on the beach. He is not the only person who can be bored by the monotony of existence.

The bored man's remedy is to take a firm grip of his character, and to turn it round.

Let him be a little less egotistical and a little less selfish. Let him give a kindly word here and there when an opportunity arises, and that kindly word will come back to him some time or another when he wants a bit of cheering up. Cast your bread upon the waters, and after many days it will return unto you buttered.

## A NEW OUTLOOK.

To get in love is the salvation of many a man, for it opens to him a new outlook upon life, but even without getting in love this new outlook lies before you if you open your heart a little more fully to the world, and try to give a little more kindness to it, and not expect that all the available kindness shall come to you.

The man who develops this element of human sympathy is never tired of life, even when things look blackest.

To him there is an element of novelty and enjoyment about everything. Every item of the daily routine outlined above ceases to be monotonous and becomes pleasant and interesting.

When he plunges into his bath in the morning he feels as if he were plunging into a river; his breakfast, however plain it may be, is delicious, because he voices the kindly word that cheers up those who may be breakfasting with him, and blithe chat is half the pleasure of any meal.

The rush for the morning train is not to

him merely a matter of routine, for he thinks how lucky it is that he can live so far away from his business and get there so quickly, and he is interested in his fellow passengers.

As for business, whatever be his duties, they are never monotonous, because he does not allow them to become automatic. He makes them not routine but work, and work is a thing done against resistance. He never allows his work to become easy, because he finds new things to do, often trifles, but things that will help those who are paying him his salary.

Eventually a man like that gets on, and has plenty of money to spend, but the man to whom the day's work is monotonous never gets much forrader, either in business or in the pleasure that he can extract from life.

C. WOLFF.

## GAIETY GEORGE.

Popular opinion has it that Mr. George Edwardes, whom Mr. Frank Jay Gould is anxious to relieve of Gaiety Theatre management, started life as a gas boy at Drury Lane, or something of the kind.

The truth is that Mr. Edwardes comes of good family, and was educated for the Army. He had failed once for Sandhurst, but was going to try again when chance altered his whole career.

His cousin, the late Mr. Michael Gunn, a well-known theatrical manager in his day, had a company out on tour when the manager absconded.

Mr. Edwardes was taking a holiday before starting cramming again, and his cousin asked him if he would care to take charge of the company for a week or two.

Mr. Edwardes agreed, and took so kindly to theatrical life that he renounced a martial career and became acting manager to Mr. D'Oyly Carte at the Savoy.

Mr. Edwardes is an even-tempered man, but probably he still does a quiet swear to himself whenever he thinks of "Dorothy," which was first produced by him.

The play was not a great success in the beginning, and Mr. Edwardes sold it outright to the late H. J. Leslie for £1,000. Leslie introduced "Queen of My Heart," and "Dorothy" subsequently made over £60,000.

## SMALL TABLE STROKES.

Despite the fact that a billiard instructor will invariably, and perfectly rightly, warn his pupils against playing on small-sized tables by reason of the fact that they spoil a man's "eye" and judgment of angles on a standard-sized board, there is nevertheless a word to be said for the so-called toy-table in another respect.

They can be made quite useful for practice. Of course, the ambitious cueist will avoid practising cushion cannons on them for the reason above mentioned; but there are many strokes which can be practised just as well on a small table as on a big one.

Among these are, for instance, straight cannons, losers into the corner pockets (those from baulk into the centre pockets are misleading on a small board), and most forms of potting shots.

A shot, however, that should not be done too much is the double, where you play your ball hard on to the object-ball in order to bring the latter on to the cushion and back into a pocket on your side of the table. The angles at which this has to be done differ naturally very considerably from the proportionate ones on a big table.

On the whole, however, a small table will provide considerably better practice for a snooker or pool player than for a billiardist proper.



## THE HUMAN SIDE

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

### MEN ON THEIR OWN.

It is quite an ordinary thing nowadays for young bachelor men to live on their own. In former times they usually engaged rooms in someone else's house; they might be smart apartments, excellent lodgings, or ordinary diggings.

In any case, they were dull, expensive, and to a certain extent uncomfortable; or they were intensely respectable, and the unfortunate bachelor lived in a sort of sarcophagus of family virtue.

Do you not know them, those drab and spotless rooms, with strips of carpet laid upon more or less snowy boards, with uncompromising furniture, and in the sitting-room family portraits, Bibles, wax flowers, and fruit under glass shades, and possibly the top ornament of a wedding cake similarly protected from the ravages of moth and rust? There were terrible daguerreotypes on the walls, memorial cards in the bedroom, enlivened by illuminated texts.

### SOLDIERS AND LANDLADIES.

Here young men who were living away from home put in their time, without any of those charming possessions which they had left behind under the parental roof.

As far as my experience goes, such bachelors were always terribly afraid of upsetting their landladies. Their landladies had always seen better days, had never thought they would have come down to this sort of thing, and resented any necessary attention as infinitely beneath their notice.

In the lower grade of diggings, young men were expected to be friendly and pleasant-like. Oh, it was a terrible state of things, and I believe led to more unhappy marriages than any other course.

Then, somehow or other, soldiers seemed to set a new note. Soldiers came into town, men of birth, means, and position, and they settled themselves down comfortably in one room with their belongings, their own possessions—and very pretty most of them were.

They clubbed together and lived, so far as their mess rooms went, in the style to which they were presumably accustomed; in some cases, better—perhaps, in some cases, worse.

And then other young men began to see that it was possible for a young man to live on his own without being fleeced in every direction, without being underfed, or put into damp sheets, or anything of that kind. And young men began, in ones and twos and threes and fours, to take flats, and upper parts, and small houses; and uncommonly well they do themselves, and uncommonly cheaply.

### TWO BOYS IN LONDON.

I know two boys who have just taken an upper part—I don't give you the exact district, but it is within a penny ride of Charing Cross. They have a very large sitting-room, with two immense windows opening to the floor. They have an extremely nice kitchen, with a gas cooker behind—a square room of ample dimensions.

One of these boys has the large front bedroom, the other has the smaller room at the back; and they both have the free use of the bath of the house, which is heated from the kitchen fire below. For this abode they pay 15s. per week.

They have their own furniture, their own pictures, their own pretty things, their own comforts. And they pay a good married lady 3s. 6d. a week to come in for two hours every morning and do them up. The result is absolute comfort.

They have a penny-in-the-slot meter, so that they control their own gas. They have a bunk for their coal; in short, they have everything that two boys need. A sitting-room in which they can give tea-parties or little dinners or suppers, as they wish; absolute comfort in their rooms, a perfectly quiet, respectable, well-kept house, and, with the char-lady, it costs them 18s. 6d. a week.

Now what, I ask, could two boys get separately for 9s. 3d. a week in the way of lodging and lighting? Nothing—nothing approaching the comfort that these two boys enjoy.

### COMFORTS THEY ENJOY.

They have a room to which they can ask a nobleman; they live in a good neighbourhood, the majority of their fares are not more than a penny, they live in absolute comfort and independence say for 35s. a week each, all told. And whenever they go out they save something.

And they are unfretted by the whims, caprices, and general upsettingness of other people.

They do not sit in other people's chairs, they do not know the bitterness of climbing another's stair, they are absolute master, none daring to make them afraid. This is a great thing.

They pay a char-lady a wage which she is very glad to receive for definitely doing certain work.

They must know a little about cooking, but their women friends will soon put them up to that. For instance, one girl I know has given these two boys a pair of small casseroles, in order that they may put their stews, or their potatoes, or their lentils, haricot beans, soup, and so on, over a tiny jet of gas when they go out in the afternoon, if they want dinner, or before they go out in the evening, if they happen to want supper.

I have found myself that young men make excellent cooks, and they also make extremely good managers.

I have always found them—and I have a very large acquaintance among young men living on their own—I have always found them most particular in the arrangement of their rooms, and usually decidedly artistic.

### THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

I am often told that the art of conversation is dying out, and I must confess that I always feel inclined to say, "Thank God for that!" For in the main we talk far too much.

I believe when I was a child that I was a terrible affliction in that way to my parents.

They used to tell me little anecdotes of children they had known in their youth, who, having victimised their parents in the same manner, were put up to a family code by which they could be reduced to silence.

I have no doubt now that the family code took the form of a whip; but in those days I used to swallow these little stories with avidity, being always much given to fiction, and my imagination pictured these horrible brats, who, however excited they might be by the charms and delights of conversation, were yet always on the watch for a signal from their parents which would cause them to dry up.

I used to ask my parents with deadly earnestness, "Did you ever really know these children yourself?" The answer was always somewhat doubtful. "Well—er—I didn't exactly know them myself—"

But need I go further? You know the way in which children used to be put off. I suppose I had as little putting-off in my time as any child that was ever born—up to date. How it used to worry me—putting off.

I used to require plain answers to plain questions. I must confess that I very seldom got them, and early in my career I vowed that if ever I had children of my own I would always answer the plain truth.

I remember once, on one of my early journeys to London, being in the same carriage with a very beautiful young woman who had with her a little boy about five or six years old. She impressed herself deeply upon my mind, for she was the first specimen of a really modern mother that I had ever noticed.

The child said to her, "Mother, what is the next station that we stop at?" "Yes," he said; "We are just coming to it." "What is it?" she said; "but I want to know what it is called." "Oh, it is Newark," she added, pulled herself up. "At least, I am not quite sure."

"I think it is Newark," I am not quite sure. It was something quite new to me to hear a mother admit to quite a small child that she did not know something he had asked.

I had a mother myself who was singularly well informed, and I knew many other children whose mothers thought they were. Honestly, I had never before heard a mother, especially the mother of a very small child, admit that she was not sure of any subject. All the mothers I knew were always sure of everything.

Well, to return to our muttons, and the art of conversation. Children of to-day are not kept back as children used to be; they are not educated on the principle of being seen and not heard.

### THE PRECOCIOUS CHILD.

It is not many weeks since I heard a small child say to her father, "Five times have I begun the same sentence, and five times daddy, you have interrupted me. Bags! the next opening." And daddy was so tickled that she had her opening straight away.

Children can all talk nowadays, but when they grow up they have to learn to converse. Has it ever struck you, my reader, that there is a vast difference between talking and conversing? Talk means gabbling on about something that interests you—an exchange of ideas; conversation is a wholly artificial product.

It is literally the art of being able to change ideas when you have no ideas to change and no desire to exchange them. As a rule, the art of conversation is the acquisition of a faculty for playing the hypocrite.

The practised speaker can get up and talk about anything. He hardly needs a peg on which to hang strings of words, floods of language.

Nobody has this art in such perfection as the portly rector, the dignified bishop, or the rising diplomat. The rising young politician, too, is very good at the game, the young man who is on the books of his club waiting for a chance to hop into Parliament, and meantime lectures in the Park and other public places. He has always that wonderful gift of the gab which is usually credited to the Irish nation.

### FALSE ART.

But that does not always mean that they are good conversationalists. The orator must be born, not made. He may be improved, but that is all. I doubt if the conversationalist is ever born. It is a false art. It may be useful, but I think we are better without it.

True, sometimes the laws of hospitality demand it, and it becomes at once a necessity. But why, when you are travelling for many hours in a railway carriage, cooped up with another person, should you bore yourself with making that person's acquaintance, and exchanging ideas with him?

You strain your ears, you tire your brain when you might be resting; you, perhaps, land yourself with a wholly undesirable acquaintance, and what have you got in return for it? Nothing—absolutely nothing.

I know people who cannot get into an omnibus, or into a carriage on the Tube or District, without scraping acquaintance with all and sundry.



# "OLD JOHN"

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.  
By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

A man, blessed in many ways by a kindly fortune, is yet, if he has the discontented twist in him, prone to curse at the sun, at the very morose of things, at the gaiety of his household. Morose over the best of breakfasts, he afterwards flings himself into the easiest of chairs, for which he is not one whit thankful. Afterwards he lights a good Virginia cigarette, puffs at it, and throws it away a quarter smoked.

He kicks off his comfortable slippers and pulls on his boots in a way that would tear off the leathers were it not for the fact that they are of far better quality than his kinked mind appreciates. Were it not for the fact that nine men out of ten are affected by this failing, I should feel ashamed to confess that it is one of mine. But, unlike many of my others, I am blessed with an antidote for this one.

Given that I can take a grip on myself and let my mind, for the slightest instant, drift, I have before me, never a degree the vaguer with the years, the calm, utterly plain, but clearly good-natured face of the man who, for all that he was but the merest start on the shady side of thirty, was never anything but "Old John" to us.

Yet if, at such times, I can bring his face near me, how far away is the little place that was his last trump world, the township that naught but the one grey street thereof, which only on market days was alive, and which glimmered superlatively with newly-primed lamps on the Saturday night alone.

I would, in the manner of the worshipper at his pleasant shrine of good fellowship, link your arm into mine and say: "Come along. We will drop into Old Contented's."

It is a warm summer afternoon that makes the foundation far beneath the roadway ooze forth an odour that is, consolatory-wise, called healthful. The faded sun-blinds of the little milliners', Jewellers', and grocers' shops are drawn.

Somewhere far down the High Street, towards the market square, the old town crier is lazily shaking his bell and calling on the uncaring populace to attend a sale of property, "To-night! To-night! at eight o'clock, at the Corn Hall. . . ."

I know the words because I have the formula at heart. As it sounds to you, the uninitiated, it is but a half-hearted pitched cadence, mellow, but unintelligible.

We are taking now the way that the grave John in his elephantine, unbrushed, and slightly shabby attire, follows daily from his rooms to his office, and there are youthful and flippant newcomers here who aver that it is the sole extent of his travels, until they find that John, in his untell of the gay West-End of London.

Here, where the gold-lettered board bears his name, and beneath it "Commissioner for Oaths," is the place where we must enter in, entirely without ceremony, and as we cross the threshold I can point to that last line and tell you, now we are mounting the darksome, leaded stairway, that in their spare moments the natives sometimes fall to wondering what it means, and whether it has any connection with lurid language.

Not invading the main sanctum, lest John should be interviewing a client, we must sit down and look like grave litigants and makers of codicils in the ante-room until John himself, glancing his eternal hangdog pipe, emerges, me with a deep-toned, "Hallo, guv'nor," now that he sees who it is.

Perhaps, in the manner of the flippant newcomers, you may talk to "Old John" of the big town or city you have just left. Looking down through the skewed window on to slowly rumbling the stars of the past and the quality of the tea in various Bond Street shops, how ever he can pass his life in this dull place.



Nine men out of every ten with such memories as John had would groan at the fate that set them down in the dullest of ditchwater towns. They would beg you to speak not of Palladiums, of Pavlova at the Palace, of the swing of Wilkie Bard's latest song. But John will tell you that he keeps jogging along somehow, you know. There are worse places than this. It is not such a dusty little show. The air makes up for a lot, and, adjacent as it is to the hop county, a man can get a decent glass of ale for dinner.

You rail at him for dispensing with Pavlova, and the Palladium, and the songs of Wilkie Bard, in favour of mere air and a good glass of light dinner ale. He just smiles and repeats that he manages to keep jogging along somehow.

But I know he has been charitable to you. He has courteously refrained from playing his trump card. He has not told you that he is secretary and honorary legal adviser of the cricket club, of which he is also about fourth-wicket man. Did he care to bring this information triumphantly forth, I know that, from his point of view, he could add scornfully (if he knew what scorn was): "And what about your Pavlovas, your Palladiums, and your Wilkie Bards now, my boy?"

You will note, as we talk, that the chairs in that ante-room are worn, that the threshold retains its varnish only in the corners. Ah! But it is eloquent entirely of the practice of John's predecessor, an aggressive little man, with overhanging eyebrows, who by sheer use became expert in malicious actions.

That some clients of this sort still exist even in this atmosphere of content that the tenancy of "Old John" has brought to the little office is proved by the fact that he has spied one of such description—the lower jaw shot out, the big walking-stick grasped below the straight handle as a man carries a dead goose by the neck—pacing up and down opposite.

Before he has time to blow down the tube to the clerk with the words "I'm out," that anger-flushed little old man has entered the door, stumped up the stairs, and stood, a black-coated and sweltering Fury in an unaccustomed stiff collar, on the threshold of the sanctum, asking for John's immediate attention.

His client's words are so high that we in the ante-room cannot fail to hear their marked emphasis. John, not interfering, is allowing him to run on, and if he likes he may, apparently, break the desk with the heavy thwacks with which he brings home each point of the injustice that has been done to him. He is not interrupted.

On our side it is possible to imagine the apathetic face of the man of content as, rising to his final peroration, the grossly-insulted one sweeps some document off the desk to show just what he will do with his detractors. He is determined to "have the law on 'em."

"I'll teach 'em! I'll sting 'em up!" he says. "I'll make 'em eat their words! I'll put the screw on 'em—and see here, Mr. Lawyer, don't you spare 'em. No settlin' out o' Court for me. I'll drag 'em up and make 'em eat their dirty words, the lying blayguards!"

At last, exhausted, the client sits down, mopping his face with a great bandana handkerchief. You hear John shift his legs and sit up in the chair, leaning forward with that good-natured smile of his on his face.

"I shouldn't," he says, calmly.

And the next day the whole thing has (from the scandal-monger's point of view) the unsatisfactory conclusion of the would-be litigants shaking hands in the little office. And that is why, if John had those chairs recovered and the threshold of his sanctum newly varnished, it would be a very long time before the leather was frayed or the varnish worn.

Despite this anti-dirty-linen-washing spirit on the part of John, it was said, as time went on and his practice grew with the great who lived in the well-wooded country surrounding the little mail town, that a deal of his success was due to the careful manner in which he provided for the one red-letter day left in the declining life of the very old—the making of the last codicil.

One connection leading to another, there came at last the day when John was the most light-hearted man that passed on the way to business in the old High Street. Not only had he been for some time in the marvellous state of prosperity that is known as "a position to marry," but a lady of the county, bent, it was suggested by the sharp-tongued, on getting a man for a husband whom, because of his plainness, she would always be sure of having to herself, had accepted his devotion for the rest of his life.

Reading this, you will say that, as far as John was concerned, I have from this point nothing further to write of him in the character of the contented man. You see in advance, mayhap, that lines showed on his forehead, that the slant of bitterness came with time to his good-natured mouth.

While, with most men in the circumstance of the years that followed, it might have been so, yet with John nothing but calm sat on his kind, unlovely face.

I would show you him—and mind that this is a clear four years after the wonderful happening of his marriage—in the garden of his house just outside the town. If you lean over the fence with me—the fence that runs by the far end of the garden—for once we will not shut our ears to one of the tempestuous little town's many old gossips who sidles up and, pointing to John, croaks of the folly of a man marrying above his station.

If it is an old gossip proud of an attention to detail, it is more than likely that he will tell first of the baby that the mother never loved; and, secondly, of the tiring of a woman of sport and gaiety of the eternal sameness not only of her existence but of the boringly contented man her husband.

And then there ensued a round of old-style point-to-point meetings, of dances, and as John, being no dancing man, was always happy to look on at these latter functions, in time it was suggested that he need not trouble to come at all.

Then there was a night when the daughter of the county behaved in what the men of the county called a "spirited" way, while the women sneered a little merely because, of course, it was the most eligible, the most dashing, the most handsome of young bachelors who provided her with the mere shade of persuasion she needed to "chuck it up."

Yet, as we look on to that peaceful lawn, the most "comfortable" of ponderous and cheery housekeepers brings, tugging at her best afternoon skirt, a sturdy little boy, who flings his arms round the knees of his father.

There is no need for us to strain our eyes to see that the mere shadow that was on the brow of the contented man is chased away as he bends down to pick up the sporting-looking little chap. . . . Well, she left him something.



## IN MY PICTURE GALLERY. SOME OF THE PORTRAITS THAT HANG THERE.

There is a sort of picture gallery which has no tangible walls, and mine is one of these.

But the pictures in it are treasured as much as if they had been portrayed on canvas by the brush of any master, old or new.

The first portrait we come to on the shadowy line which is called memory is that of Jack Bush, centre-forward.

A brilliant footballer is Jack, and for the rest, a great simple-hearted North-countryman.

He's something worth looking at, too. There's nothing of the muddled oaf about Jack. There are brains behind his kicks, and he's white enough to stand a fair chance of playing in the Elysian Fields on the last great Cup Day.

The second is Tom Blake, stroke, as fine a fellow as ever pulled an oar, who can spin a yarn, play a joke, and act the devil generally as well as, or perhaps better than, any of his comrades, and that's saying a good deal.

A good all-round sportsman, and, what's better, a brave man, is Tom. It was he who thought nothing of jumping in after a drowning woman with all his clothes on and winning a hell-to-nothing race with the mill-stream, and bringing her to land with considerably less elation and far more composure than he showed when he helped to win the Boatrace for his Alma Mater.

And the third is Dick More, steeplechase jock. Game to the bone is Dick. The last time he rode his horse came a cropper at an ugly bit of timber, and down came Dick, pretty well smashed up. His collar-bone was broken and his face was sadly cut about.

But up he got, even gave a laugh, and insisted on remounting, and he was first at the post after all!

There was cheering, I can tell you, for the man who wasn't to be beaten by such trifles as a broken bone, a mauled face, and a bruised body—that's what I call gameness, if you like.

The fourth is Hal Nott, sprinter. On the running track he is hard to beat, and he runs just as straight off it—which is not always the case—but Hal's all square.

And he's got ideas on friendship that might be cultivated by others with advantage. He runs with you through thick and thin, starts according to your timing and doesn't want to compare your watch with somebody else's chronometer. He's a pal of the rare sort and one of the best.

The fifth on that shadowy line is Bill Hobbs, boxer.

In the buff there isn't a grander chap made than Bill, and he is the prettiest fighter that ever stepped into the ring.

There's science as well as strength about him, and he is not a bit of a windbag. He doesn't think he knows everything because he's laid out a few.

Grit? Bless you, he can take punishment, if you like—and give it too. "He who gives can take" is his motto, he says.

He'll go down to a finer man, like all the rest, one of these days; but he won't be a bit the worse for it as a man.

There are some other pictures in that visionary gallery, but they are smaller portraits—some of them only replicas. Others are of those who have left this country for starry regions beyond our ken.

And others have their faces turned to the wall because they shame the memory that gave them a place on the line. These no strangers may look upon.

A. M. STEWART.



## TIPS BY OUR ETIQUETTE EXPERT FOR MEN SUDDENLY BROUGHT FACE TO FACE WITH "HIGH SOCIETY."

A man may sometimes be asked to visit in rather better society than that to which he is accustomed.

The invitation, perhaps, is one that he cannot very well refuse, but he would much rather not accept it, for he feels that he is going out of his element.

This does not necessarily reflect on either his manhood or his manners.

He may come of good family and be a gentleman by birth and instinct, but thrown on the world at an early age may have had no opportunity of mixing in so-called good society. Or, having an adventurous turn of mind, he may have gone off into the wilds as a youth and have become a little free in his habits, while he is bound to be behindhand as regards modern social customs.

In the old days the invitation itself would have been a source of anxiety, for as a rule it was indefinite. Nowadays, however, you are invited to stay for a definite period, you are asked to arrive on such and such a day, while it is generally hinted that it would be convenient to your host and hostess if you could come by such and such a train.

### WHEN TO ARRIVE.

Should the choice of trains be left to you, you should, when answering the invitation, state which train you will come by.

If possible, you should arrive about afternoon tea time—say, between four and five o'clock. Failing this, try to arrive in good time to dress for dinner.

If you must arrive in the morning, try to do so shortly before luncheon time. Arrivals immediately after a meal are usually troublesome to your hosts, for it means that a scratch meal has to be prepared for you, while you break in on people who are either resting or preparing to go out.

Nowadays life in a big country house is often like life in a big hotel. The guests go their own way regardless of host or hostess, and attend or stay away from meals as they like, except, perhaps, in the case of dinner.

### THE ART OF EFFACING YOURSELF.

We will suppose, however, a house where the visitors do condescend to recognise the existence of their host and hostess, and, this being so, you will naturally try to be agreeable to them, more particularly the latter.

At the same time, you must avoid thrusting yourself upon them. They have other guests and duties to attend to, and if you constantly claim their attention they will not thank you.

Indeed, the whole art of being a welcome guest lies in knowing when to efface yourself.

## VISITING

For example, when you arrive you should not proceed to engage your hosts in a lengthy conversation.

You will probably be asked if you would like to go to your room, and you should at once accept.

If you have arrived just before tea, you may come down again at once; but if you arrive in time to dress for dinner you should remain in your room until the dinner hour.

### DINNER-TIME.

Your host won't thank you if you descend to the drawing-room twenty minutes too soon for this means that he will have to attend through his dressing to come and attend to you.

Equally, don't dawdle about downstairs after the dressing-bell or gong for dinner has gone, but clear off to your room at once. Before going into dinner you will be introduced to the lady whom you are to take. Don't offer to shake hands with her, but just bow.

If it is a large party, and the rules of precedence are observed, you will be told which place to take in the "procession," and you offer the lady your right hand; but as a rule, she sits at your right hand. In the case of a big party places will be indicated by little cards bearing the names of the guests.

It is not necessary to say "Thank you" every time a servant hands you a dish, though if asked whether you will have "clear or thick soup," you must answer, adding "Please." Don't, however, turn round to the servant when giving this information.

### AT TABLE.

There are many pitfalls in a long menu, and I can only advise you to avoid unfamiliar dishes, and carefully but covertly to watch what other people are doing.

On no account, unless you are a very great man, or a very brave one, make a "bib" of your table-napkin.

A very few minutes will tell your partner whether she can get on with you or not, and if she turn away to the man on her other side, don't try to join in the conversation, but try your luck with the lady on your left.

The fact that you have taken a lady into dinner does not mean that you should attach yourself to her for the rest of the evening.

If she wants to speak to you when you join the ladies in the drawing-room she will make a sign to you to come and talk to her.

As regards the daytime, much depends upon circumstances, but you should always be ready to be amused; or, failing that, to amuse yourself.

### THROUGH THE DAY.

You are not bound to join in every excursion of the house party, but you should not refuse unless you are prepared to amuse yourself and thus relieve your hosts from troubling about your movements.

Ideally, you should be ready to respond to any suggestion for your entertainment, but you should not keep your host and hostess thinking out plans for you.

It is not rude, but a real kindness, to tell them overnight that you propose going off for a long tramp, or trying your luck fishing next day.

When concluding your visit the best time to leave is early in the morning, as you then leave your host and hostess free for the rest of the day.

If making a very early start you should say good-bye to them, or certainly to your hostess the night before.

E. H. HILL.

# Men's Vices

...to hear the sins they love to act.  
—SHAKESPEARE.

Men's virtues are so few and their vices so many that it is necessary to attach some value to the former in order, in some degree, to remedy the disparity. Men, it should be remarked, have a clearer perception of the vices of others than they have of their own.

Their own vices, in fact, they look upon in a rather attractive idiosyncrasies. "I sink," says the debauchee, "has all been the curse of our family." And he gets drunk with a fine sense of responsibility. After all, charity tells me that vice is "a description." I could wish for no other—that vice has its opportunity.

AND M.D.  
In a study of the psychology of vice there is more interesting fact than this: that the body has less sovereignty over the mind than the body. So often we hear the remorseful man say, "I never intended to do it." "I never intended to do it," says the man who has wrought, "evil that I have sorrow and smart, and yet it never was in my soul."

To play so ill a part.  
In this earthly life, the body is more important. It is no servant to Will, but a servant to Reason. Inclined to dispute this, observe a philosopher will endure a toothache; ask a theologian for his opinion on the Destiny of Man when he is pained with hunger. The obvious vices of licentiousness, lewd speech, blasphemy, and so on.

from these there are subtler vices that masquerade in the name of virtue. One of them is the person who is never by any means wrong? You are not, yourself, fallen victim to the opinion of others when such questionable popularity is gained by concession of the obvious fact? The vice of self-absorption, again, is commendable. The man wrapt up in his business ambition, sacrificing everything to his career, in a "getting on," is often neglectful of his wife, irritable to his children, barren of little kindly humanities which help so much towards love and happiness in the home. He is generally adjudged a strong, progressive character. It is not forgotten that there may be some in whom sometimes.

of arrogance one cannot speak of. It is the natural attitude of a man to consider himself superior to all whom they come in contact with. Their conceit may not take the aggressive form of patronage or bragging, but the visible and pervasive nevertheless. The irony of the circumstance is that the product of ignorance, fruit of a defective sense of proportion.



It requires a character of real worth to detect worth in others. No better discovery is made by a man than the finding of goodness in his friend.

## THE WORST TYPE OF BORE.

There is a type of individual who revels in the recounting of his experiences. The slenderest allusion to some minor incident which approaches to an adventure will set him spouting an indiscriminate stream of recollection. He has experienced exactly the same thing, only more so. He feeds his story on the admiration of his listeners. On the principle that vice is a depravity of manners, such a person can only be regarded as a vicious specimen of an unutterable bore.

There is an ugly vice which many practise and are totally unconscious of so doing. It is the vice of cruelty.

Many men (women, too) take pleasure in seeing another wince. They like to discharge the shaft of sarcasm. They indulge in barbed wit.

## "THUMBS DOWN"

They will stare at the spectacle of deformity. They nudge one another when some friend or acquaintance is humiliated, concealing the smirk of enjoyment. Theirs is the emotion of "thumbs down."

Not one of us but is guilty of a vice which probably we should indignantly repudiate.

Yet let a man sit down and scrutinise his daily habits, bringing to bear, if he can, a cold impartial judgment.

He will be surprised. He will find flaws in the most unexpected parts—the parts which he thought most perfect.

And over and above this there will always be the pet vice which he never tells anyone about.

You know what I mean. You know your own, no doubt.

A. G. STORM.

## LAWN FOOTBALL.

It is a good many years ago now that the idea of a game on a lawn with a football first germinated in the brains of Messrs. G. H. Du Boulay, and A. Tebbutt, of Winchester, and the game of lawn football achieved sufficient popularity for an association to be formed.

Two courts, 25ft. long and 20ft. wide, are divided by a wooden bar 3ft. above the ground. The game, which is decided in five sets of five points each, consists of kicking or "heading" the ball backwards and forwards over the bar without using the hand.

In commencing one player throws the ball—an ordinary association one—into his opponent's court, when it must be returned on the first bounce, but after this, it may be returned on the volley.

Lawn football has been described by first-class footballers as being a very fine summer practice for the winter game, and especially good for improving half-back play.

## GOLF'S WEAK POINTS.

### THINGS WHICH MAR A FINE GAME.

Golf is a great game, but it has its weak points. Some of its faults are inherent, others have been grafted on to it by man.

Among the former is the very strong element of luck in the game. Some, no doubt, will account this a charm, but to my way of thinking luck plays too big a part.

You make a clean, straight drive, dead on the line and bang in the middle of the fairway, and when you reach your ball you find that it has rolled into a heel mark or a rabbit scrape, or it has struck a stone, which should not have been there, and kicked off into the rough. Your good shot is spoilt, and through no fault of your own.

At cricket, lawn tennis, and other ball games, if you make a good stroke you are usually rewarded, but not so at golf, so far at least as long shots are concerned, and I count this a defect in the game.

Then there is the time it takes. Of course, it does not compare with big cricket in this respect, but unless you live close to a links even one round will take you half a day.

Golf is not a sociable game. It is often played with a positively fearful solemnity. You cannot play golf well if you have a thought for anything else, and this concentration is apt to become wearisome.

You cannot "take it out" of a golf ball, as you can out of a football.

The moment you begin to slam at the golf ball then away goes your game. You cannot vent the irritation that consumes you except in "language" or on the unoffending head of your caddie. You have an adversary, but he is not a tangible opponent as at boxing, football, cricket.

While I admit that golf is most beneficial to health, more especially in the case of the middle-aged and the elderly, it does not physically develop a young man as other sports do. Indeed, there is so much dawdling about golf that it is apt to breed loafers.

It is distinctly a selfish game. You get into the way of regarding other couples on the links as interlopers. You would like to have the whole links to yourself, and you fuss and fume if you are kept waiting a moment.

These are faults inherent in the game, but man has added a few on his own account.

He has made golf fearfully and unnecessarily expensive. Regularly to play golf—at least in England—you must be pretty well-to-do, even a rich man.

There is too much luxury in the game. Club houses are palaces, with a French chef attached.

Golf is often made an excuse for gambling; while the pot-hunter has invaded golf as he has other games.

The modern golfer is often intensely snobbish, cliquish, and selfish.

Some golf clubs, such as Sunningdale, take a friendly interest in the welfare of their caddies, and provide them with opportunities for education and qualifying for civil life when their days as caddies are over. To the average golfer, however, the caddie is simply a beast of burden, and it is immaterial to him if the boy reaches manhood a confirmed loafer, with no means of earning his living.

The influence of golf in producing hundreds of young wastrels is certainly a serious blot on the game.

The fascination of golf is in a way a weak point. You seldom hear of men neglecting their business interests and their families for cricket or football, but they often do so for the sake of golf.

In fact, golf is apt to become a disease like betting or dram-drinking.

C. B. ALLEN.



# ARMY CHANGES I HAVE SEEN



## MOSTLY FOR THE BETTER

The commissioned ranks of the Army are in process of transition, and if the War Office proposals are carried out we are likely to get a new type of Army officer.

I refer to the scheme for putting commissions within reach of the civilian parent of moderate means.

When I joined, the son of a civilian at Woolwich or Sandhurst had to pay £300 per annum, and

this did not include charges for uniform, books, and so on. This meant that the civilian who sent his son to Woolwich, which then had a two years' course, had to expend, including pocket-money, travelling, and other expenses, some £800 on his son's military education, a prohibitive amount to the man of moderate means—more especially when he had to reckon on making his son an allowance of at least £100 for the first few years of his service. That is, unless the lad got into the "Sappers," when he might just be able to squeeze along on his pay.

Even Sandhurst, with a one year's course, meant £400 and an absolute necessity for a subsequent allowance.

The sons of officers were let off far more lightly. Their contribution in no case exceeded £80 a year, and the lower the rank of their father the less they paid. I, for example, as the son of a major paid only £40 a year at Sandhurst, and these rates hold good to-day for sons of officers.

The rates for sons of civilians have been reduced to £150, plus extras, but are still too high for the poor parent.

## OPENING UP THE PROFESS ON.

Now it is proposed to establish prize cadetships for sons of civilians which will reduce the annual charge by one-half, and also entitle the prize cadet to free uniform, books, &c., and an outfit allowance on joining his regiment.

This means a new class of officer for the Army, and I think the change will be all for the better, for under the old system the civilian candidates were often the sons of *nouveaux riches*, and inclined to be purse-proud snobs.

I have seen some great changes in uniform. When I joined there was practically no undress uniform. The nearest approach to it was the patrol jacket. This was a tight-fitting, heavily-braided thick cloth jacket, with a high, stiff collar, and I can tell you that when you did the Manual Exercise or Bayonet Exercise "by numbers" in a patrol jacket, you knew all about it, and were inclined to curse first the drill-instructor and next the day you were born. With this you wore a round forage cap and a glazed peak, and also a leather chinstrap—a fact which suggested my pseudonym to me.

## WHY I CHOSE "CHINSTRAP."

I remember I had a bad habit of chewing my chinstraps, and on an average used to eat through two a week, which came expensive.

Mind you, the forage cap and patrol jacket had their good points. The former did not fall off your head when you "doubled," while the peak protected your eyes from the sun. Then the patrol jacket both looked well and lasted well.

On commanding officers' parades and on field days, however, we usually wore our full-

dress tunics with helmets, and there are sweeter things in life than doubling across country in a tight, heavily-padded tunic, with the peak of your helmet scraping the skin off your nose.

Then came the serge "jumper," a red one to replace the tunic, except on ceremonial occasions, a blue one for undress.

They looked anything but smart, cost almost as much (trust the Army tailors for that!) and lasted about a quarter as long as the patrol jacket.

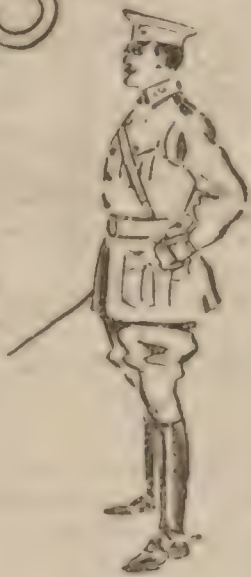
There also came the képi, or "cheese-cutter" in place of the forage cap. It was the most foolish headgear ever invented. In shape it was something like a glengarry without tails, but whereas a glengarry will stay on your head the képi would not. Even the application of soap to the lining had not much effect. If you so much as moved an eyelid it fell off, and it protected you from the sun neither fore nor aft.

## FUTILE HEADGEAR.

In cold weather you were supposed to turn it inside out, so that the flaps came down over your ears like a deerstalker; but I only knew one officer who tried wearing it in this fashion, and his own dog flew at him and bit him severely.

Turning to the rank and file, "Tommy's" conditions of service have been enormously improved since my time, especially in the direction of his food.

When I joined, and for some time after, Tommy's breakfast consisted of tea or coffee (muck at that; I often had to taste it as



"Orderly Dog") and dry bread—butter as an occasional luxury. Dinner consisted of sodden, ill-cooked chunks of beef, and vegetables other than potatoes were a rarity. For tea he had dry bread again, and the facilities for enjoying supper in barracks at his own expense were strictly limited.

Now, of course, he has a very varied menu, his food is usually well cooked, and he has his own dining-halls with separate tables.

## STIFF PUNISHMENTS.

Discipline was severe. Men were sent to cells for offences for which they would get a few days' C. B. at the most. Tommy was visited by all sorts of impositions and charges which rarely left him with a clear conscience.

The non-coms. are much younger than they used to be, when a man was often well over thirty before he got his sergeant's rank, and you found colour-sergeants with and more years' service to their credit.

I fancy this is not a change for the better, for though the younger men may be better educated than their predecessors, inevitably they have not the authority, responsibility, the readiness to shoulder responsibility of the bewhiskered veterans I knew and loved so well.

So far as the officer is concerned, the tendency is to demand more and more of him, but there has been no change in always miserable pay.

## WEED KILLING.

In most cases the best way to get rid of weeds is to keep the borders and the edges of your garden well cultivated, but there are some weeds which are not to be exterminated by such methods.

Nettles, and other extra hardy weeds should be treated in a special way. You cannot in every case get at their roots without disturbing your plants. The best plan is to pull out as many of the stalks as you can, and to dab the stumps with sulphuric acid. This will rot the weed down to its roots.

# THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, is the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:—

|                                                                             |                     |                                            |                     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|--------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable) .....                              | 1s. 4½d., post free | Wide-ended silk ties .....                 | 2s. 5½d., post free |
| Narrow bow ties .....                                                       | 1s. 5½d., " "       | Silk mufflers .....                        | 4s. 11d. " "        |
| The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices: |                     |                                            |                     |
| Gold-plated tie-pin .....                                                   | 6d.                 | Solid silver tie-pin .....                 |                     |
| Gold-plated safety-pin .....                                                | 6d.                 | Solid silver safety-pin .....              |                     |
| Gold-plated lapel or cap badge .....                                        | 6d.                 | Solid silver lapel or cap badge .....      |                     |
| Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain .....                                   | 6d.                 | Solid silver pendant for watch-chain ..... |                     |

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.  
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

## APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

# MAINLY ABOUT MOUSTACHES A DISCUSSION AND SOME RANDOM HINTS.

one of the most trying problems  
the mind of man between the ages  
fifteen and seventy is the question  
or no he shall allow the hair to grow  
upper lip.

often, in the first instance, you will  
be a case of "I would an I could,"  
there is many a youngster who, affecting  
clean-shaven for a hairy upper lip, goes  
about managing to be otherwise. On the  
other hand, the aesthetic sense of the com-  
monly frequently dealt a cruel blow  
the vision of an otherwise quite present-  
looking eighteen-year-old with straggly  
hair of down, about an inch long, trailing  
in directions of the compass, and distri-  
bution over his mouth like the teams in an  
association football match—eleven a side.

he would look much better clean-shaven,  
and refrains from the use of a razor  
because his mother has told him that if he  
grows his "moustache" in its early stages it  
will grow in later years as bristly as the hairs  
on a toothbrush.

we are not dealing with the problem  
unfledged, but rather with the adult,  
who has passed the stage of metaphorical  
incubation, has arrived at a time  
when his moustache will grow, and  
he decides whether he shall allow it to do so.

often his decision depends on his  
position. If he is a soldier, he will natur-  
ally grow a moustache. Again, it is very pro-  
bable when he has done so, he will cut it,  
as possible, flush with the line of the  
upper lip. Look at almost any Army man—  
the moustache is carefully trained into this

reason is interesting. Whether or not  
the idea is prevalent  
too old at all. It is certainly a fact that Army  
men when they are grey, try to appear  
younger than they are, and  
grow moustaches so as to give them  
the appearance almost of a boy's.

too, there is something of the  
reason for a youthful appearance, but  
in the Service they gain this end by  
growing no moustache at all.

no moustache, however, in civil life, for the  
reason, however, in civil life, for the  
reason, however, in civil life, for the  
reason, however, in civil life, for the

is probably that in the early stages of  
they give the face a "dirty" ap-  
pearance which is distasteful to the business

the best time for the aver-  
age man to grow a moustache is  
the summer holiday. He leaves his  
clean-shaven and boyish-looking, and  
goes to work, some weeks later, resplen-  
dent with a virile growth that has been  
brought on by sun and sea breezes. And nobody  
can find him in the "stubby" stages except  
the side landlady and various people whom  
he probably never see again.

as a newly-grown moustache is  
a troublesome business, by the way.  
The hairs generally show a stubborn objec-  
tion to lying symmetrically alongside one  
another. Half of them will make the unfor-  
tunate wearer sneeze intermittently by getting  
into his nose, and the others will enjoy fre-  
quent baths in his soup, beer, tea, or any-  
thing he may be drinking. What a man should  
do in such a case is to apply a very little  
oil to the side of his upper lip, rub  
the hair into the required  
position with a moustache brush." These  
methods, broken off, will do just as well.

J. LL. DAVIES.

## SPORTING STORIES.



### LOGIC.

"No smoking in the lift, please," said the  
tube attendant, peremptorily.

"No smoking, I said," he repeated, turning  
menacingly towards one of the passengers.

"I'm not smoking," said the man addressed.

"Why, you've got a pipe in your mouth!"

"Yes," remarked the placid passenger. "I've  
got shoes on my feet, but I'm not walking."

### TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA.

The riding master was coaching a pupil  
for fences. The budding horseman was rather  
more clumsy than the usual, and the number of  
spills were rather above the average.

He was losing heart, and his instructor de-  
termined to cheer him up by a little bit of  
subtle flattery.

"Bad luck, sir," said the riding master,  
"only bad luck! You took that fence ex-  
actly as I take it myself." And then, feeling  
that he must give hostages to his conscience,  
he added: "The only difference is that I  
generally take the horse with me."

### FRAE OVER THE BORDER.

The Laird was out fishing, attended by his  
ghillie, and as the day wore through, in the  
goodness of his heart he offered his ghillie  
a nip from his pocket flask.

"Na, na, Laird," the ghillie protested. "I  
canna drink oot o' a bottle."

The Laird, however, pressed him to have a  
try, and Donald consented.

For the next half-minute there happened  
nothing worth recording but the liquid sound  
of continuous swallowing, and Donald handed  
back the flask empty.

"Man," said the Laird, as he looked at  
the empty flask, "maybe ye canna drink oot o'  
a bottle, but ye'd be richt easy tae learn!"

### RURAL SIMPLICITY.

It was in a London billiard-room, and two  
West-End sharks were doing their best to  
reap the harvest which the presence of some  
young men from the country promised them.

"Here," said one, "get a pack of cards,  
somebody, and I'll bet ten pounds that I  
cut the ace of spades first time. Anybody  
take me?"

"I will," said one of the simplest-looking  
of the young men from the country.

The cards were brought, and the man who  
lived by his wits drew forth a sharp pocket  
knife, and deftly cut the pack in two.

"There," he said, "I told you I could  
do it! Hand over the money."

"No," said the young man from the country,  
slowly, "I don't think you've done it. You  
see, I wasn't taking any risks, and I took the  
ace of spades out of the pack before I gave  
it to you."

## GOODWOOD STORIES.

### FACTS AND ANECDOTES ABOUT THE "GLORIOUS" MEETING.

Goodwood, the scene of the most fashion-  
able race meeting after Ascot, is about 110  
years old. The course was first made by  
the third Duke of Richmond in the year 1800,  
but it was not completed until 1811.

In that year we find a notice in the  
"Sporting Magazine" for April, to the effect  
that "the new racecourse on the Harroway,  
near Goodwood, the seat of his Grace the  
Duke of Richmond, is now completely formed  
for sport, and much admired by the acknow-  
ledged amateurs of the Turf."

The third Duke, however, only lived a  
few years after the construction of the course,  
and during his son's tenure of the title little  
or no racing took place there, for the fourth  
Duke was more of a soldier than anything  
else. It was during the lifetime of the fifth  
Duke of Richmond that Goodwood began to  
flourish.

He was particularly successful at his own  
meeting, for by the end of his career he had  
managed to win almost every big event at  
least once. At Ascot in 1829, by the way, he  
accomplished the almost unparalleled perfor-  
mance of winning every race for which he  
had a horse entered.

To come, however, to modern times, we  
find Goodwood declared, by all who know,  
to be essentially a meeting where the "horses  
for courses" theory is borne out. For in-  
stance, Stumps and Orelia both won the  
"Stakes" twice; and the Chesterfield Cup  
offers an even more remarkable record. Three  
horses won it in two successive years, as  
follows:

Coomassie in 1876 and 1877,

Victor Emmanuel in 1880 and 1881, and

Vibration in 1882 and 1883.

A good story—and a true one—is told of  
Goodwood, which is worth repeating here,  
because it illustrates the delightful uncertainty  
of Turf speculation, even in the case of  
owners themselves.

The Duke of Beaufort had driven up to the  
course on Stakes day in a fly, and as he  
tendered the fare to the driver, the latter  
summoned up courage to ask if the Duke had  
any fancy for his mare, Winter Cherry, which  
was entered for the race, and which the cab-  
man declared would win. His Grace, how-  
ever, who had only entered the mare to make  
the running for the favourite, Sir Kenneth,  
answered kindly, "No, no, my man. Don't  
waste your money on her. She has no chance."

The result, however, came as a great sur-  
prise to him. Winter Cherry jumped off with  
the lead, as her jockey had been instructed,  
and, contrary to all expectation, raced away  
and refused to allow herself to be caught.  
When the cabman turned up to drive the  
Duke back after the races, he looked rather  
reproachful, and his Grace, who was more  
upset by the man's disappointment than by his  
own loss (he had backed the favourite),  
soothed the sorrowful Jehu with a sovereign.

Tib's Stewards' Cup has since been a stock  
warning by trainers to youthful riders. Bis-  
marck, who went off at a cracking pace, ought  
easily to have won, but, alas! as soon as he  
had passed the distance, his jockey turned  
round to bestow a jeering smirk on his field,  
and Bismarck improved the shining moment  
by swerving across the course. Tib, a half-  
bred five-year-old mare, was thus enabled to  
slip up and beat him by a short head.

It was this event which gave rise to Sam  
Loates's pun which earned much mock exe-  
cration for him. He observed to the jockey  
in question with great gravity, "What on  
earth did you want to look round for? You  
might have known no good would come of  
it."

C. BIRCH.



## SOME SPORTING DIMENSIONS.

## STATISTICS FOR PLAYERS OF BALL GAMES.

All cricketers know that the pitch is 22 yards in length, but I dare say you could puzzle even bowlers by asking them to tell you off-hand the dimensions of the ball.

"The ball," says Rule 4 of the Laws of Cricket, "shall weigh not less than 5½ oz., nor more than 5¾ oz. It shall measure not less than 9 in. nor more than 9¼ in. in circumference."

The bat, I may add, may be as short or as narrow as you like, but it must not be more than 38 in. in length, nor exceed 4¼ in. in the widest part. There is no restriction on the bat's weight, and Albert Trott, I believe, uses one weighing about half a ton.

Until lately there was absolutely no restriction on the size and shape of golf clubs; but now, of course, clubs of the mallet or Schenectady pattern are barred, and any mechanical contrivance such as a spring in a club has also been prohibited. It is still open to you, however, to play with a ball of any size, shape, or material, and probably in the regrettable attempt to make the game easy some genius will invent a ball which will go into the hole of its own accord.

At most other ball games, however, the dimensions of the ball and other implements are strictly defined.

The lawn tennis ball, for example, must not be less than 2½ in. nor more than 2 9/16 in. in diameter, while it must not be less than 1 7/8 oz. nor more than 2 oz. in weight.

On the other hand, there does not appear to be any restriction on the size, shape, or weight of the racquet.

At water-polo, the ball, which shall be round and fully inflated, shall measure not less than 27 in. nor more than 28 in. in circumference.

At croquet some variation is permitted in the size of the ball, but for championship meetings the proper diameter is 3 5/8 in., while the ball must not weigh less than 15½ oz. nor more than 16½ oz.

The mallet head may vary between 8 and 9¼ in. in length and 2¼ to 3½ in. in diameter, and the length of handle is unrestricted.

The Association football is the same size as the water-polo ball—that is, not less than 27 in. nor more than 28 in. in circumference when fully inflated.

Until last season the outer covering of the ball had to be of leather, but now the use of other material is permitted by mutual agreement between teams, and the rubber-composition-covered ball is fast becoming popular, as it is impervious to wet, does not alter in weight, and retains its shape better than the leather ball.

The dimensions of the Rugby ball are as follows:

|                      |     |     |               |
|----------------------|-----|-----|---------------|
| Length               | ... | ... | 11 to 11¼ in. |
| Length circumference | ... | ... | 30 to 31 in.  |
| Width circumference  | ... | ... | 25½ to 26 in. |
| Weight               | ... | ... | 13 to 14½ oz. |

It must be hand-sewn, and with not less than eight stitches to the inch.

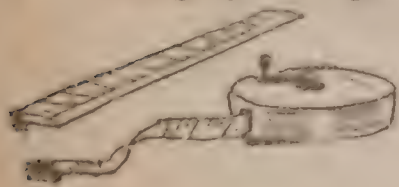
In billiard saloons the size of the balls varies greatly, and, as a rule, they are on the small side, thanks to having been "turned" perhaps more than once.

In championship play, however, the balls, which must be of equal weight and size, must not be less than 2 1/16 in. nor more than 2 3/32 in. in diameter.

If you want to have some fun, ask even fairly experienced billiard players what is the size of the table, and note how far out they are as a rule in their calculations.

The slate bed of a standard table is 12 ft. long by 6 ft. 1¼ in. broad.

J. G. HAYWARD.



## MY NOTEBOOK.

## TERRITORIAL TOGS.

More than once in this paper it has been pointed out that the present type of uniform issued to Territorials is most unsuitable.

It is far too heavy and far too hot.

Those responsible for the present type of Territorial uniforms argue that the uniform must be suitable for any climate, and that in order to be warm enough for cold weather, it is, of necessity, a little too warm for hot weather.

That kind of logic shows you how the official mind works. If the wiseacres at the War Office would, instead of theorising, take a ride on a hot day for fifteen or twenty miles in an ordinary Territorial service tunic, they would, I think, change their views.

The bulk of Territorial training takes place during the summer months, and, therefore, it is reasonable to say that the men wear their uniforms chiefly during the hot weather, and I think that the uniforms ought to be made suitable for hard work in hot weather.

## WHY NOT KHAKI SHIRTS?

What we want is the abolition of the tunic altogether, and the substitution for it of a khaki shirt of thin texture.

Such a shirt would be soldierly and practical, and suitable for all weathers. In hot weather you could wear it without anything underneath, and in cold weather you could wear undershirts, sweaters, and so forth, to give you any desired degree of warmth.

We are very slow in moving in these matters. It would seem that we wait for other countries to give us the lead. Our present type of cap, for example, is nothing but an importation from Germany.

While we hesitate, however, the Colonies are taking action.

During the recent Coronation festivities, there were many Colonials in London, and some of them were dressed in precisely the type of uniform I consider best.

Those of them whom I saw were horse soldiers, and, in consequence, their nether limbs were clad in fairly heavy breeches and leggings, for it is not much comfort to ride in nether garments so thin that your legs get bruised by the friction of the saddle and the stirrup leathers.

Above the waist, however, all they wore was a shirt, and it appeared to be the custom with many of them to wear these shirts rolled up to the elbow.

There was something good to look upon about those brown well-developed arms. These men could go through a campaign without falling sick, but I doubt how many of our Territorials would survive the first week of active service if they had to go through it dressed in their present heavy and highly un-beautiful tunics.

## THE NEED FOR EFFICIENCY.

What we want in the Territorial Force, as in all departments of the Army, is efficiency. In the old days soldiers went into battle in their gayest uniforms. That habit has been cancelled, and it is now the custom for men to fight in what are called service uniforms. In many cases, however, these service uniforms, supposed to be more convenient, are really more uncomfortable than the uniforms that are described as full dress or "walking out."

For every sport there is a certain type of recognised costume which has been found to be the most convenient and comfortable. The horseman, the oarsman, the tennis player, the footballer, the cricketer, the cyclist, all have their own particular types of costumes, which meet the demands of decency, and, at the same time, do not

prevent them from excelling in their particular sport.

In all these cases the usual costume is highly convenient, but it is not so in the Army.

A soldier is an athlete. His work is of physical character, much exertion is demanded of him, and surely it is reasonable to expect that his working uniform should be comfortable.

## SHARES IN "THE MODERN MAN," LTD.

Again I bring to the notice of all my readers the matter of taking up shares in this paper. I beg to point out that the offer of one fully-paid deferred share, to be presented along with every pound's worth of 7 per cent. Ordinary Shares taken up, is liable to be withdrawn at an early date.

All readers desirous of availing themselves of this special offer should apply for shares without delay.

All these shares are fully-paid up, and there is no further liability whatsoever on the shareholders.

An application form will be found on two of the cover, and, if desired, a prospectus will be sent, post free, on receipt of a postcard to the secretary of THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., at our business offices, 19, 21, 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## AN AMUSING LETTER.

I have received the following letter from a reader in London, who has courage enough to sign his name at the bottom of it, and to write beneath the words, "Alias 'Potty' the Poet."

I reproduce the letter, as perhaps it will amuse you as much as it did me. I don't envy those who can make rhyme, for I think I could.

Here is the letter:

"You'll think, no doubt, I've got a special for writing, but please don't get your nose out—I'm not much good at fighting. (How ever, that's beside the point. I mustn't waste your time by padding out this letter just to make the endings rhyme).

"I hope that you will bear with me, and tell you, if I can, the way I made acquaintance with the dear old MODERN MAN.

"When riding with the troop one of my comrade cut a caper. He tumbled off his horse, and from his pocket slipped a letter. The riding done, I asked my pal, a big sporting fellow, to let me see the letter with its cover coloured yellow.

"He said to me, 'My good, kind friend, you are a "pie"—a "can"; you have heard the name before—it's called MODERN MAN.'

"He looked at me with pity, and in a fit of bitter sorrow, he said: 'You take a can get another one to-morrow.'

"This happened quite eight months ago, and ever since that day I've never missed the office, and I hand it to a clerk, another hour or so, is always stricken down. The bulk of them, however—they're a lot of elves—are just as dumb as he, they buy it now themselves.

"I trust you will not censure me for saying, Mr. Shepherd; although I quite understand that for this rhyme I should be I'd like to say concluding that I don't admire you, but as you've got a lot to don't propose to tire you.

"Good-bye, dear Mr. Editor, and at the time, I'll write—if I am still at you again in rhyme."

We heartily forgive him.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

YOUR EDITOR

# TROTTERING HORSES.



## A FEW REMARKS ABOUT RACING AND ACTION.

collide with those in front. Though this is, of course, impossible in pacing, when the respective hind and fore feet move in unison, and each rhythmically avoids the other, the pacer is, however, liable to bang his knees or fetlocks together, and also to strike the toe of his near hind foot with the heel of his off fore.

### MONEY IN THEM.

It is strange that more breeders do not go in for trotters; for there is money in them and practically no loss.

Cracks, when their racing days are over, can either go to the stud or be sold for road purposes, slowish performers are in great demand for carriages; and the inferior animals are easily disposed of for purposes of ordinary traction. Thus a breeder would never be left with unsaleable stock on his hands.

A. GIBSON.

### UMPIRING SIGNALS.

It is noticeable that in minor cricket the umpires rarely give the proper signals when appealed to by, or communicating with, the scorer.

A boundary should be signalled by waving the hand from side to side; a bye, by raising the open hand above the head.

A leg-bye is announced by cocking up one leg and touching it with the hand.

To indicate that a man is out the hand is raised above the head with the forefinger only extended.

A wide is signalled by extending both arms horizontally, and a "no-ball" by similarly extending one arm.

In the case of a "no-ball," however, the umpire must also call "no-ball," and, indeed, he should always announce his decision in addition to signalling it.

The scorer should always answer any signal from the umpire, and the latter should not allow the game to proceed until he has done so.

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Don't stay weak, depressed and lacking in vigour and confidence another day; you can be free from weakness and be the mental and physical equal of anyone of your age. The Vital Power which you need will be poured into your system by this new Magneto Belt of Life.

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Send Postal Order for 1s. only to-day, and receive belt by return of post. Address: Professor AMBROSE WILSON, 19, Vulcan House, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

SEND SIZE OF WAIST.

A well-known Bournemouth gentleman writes: "Your Magneto Belt is truly a Belt of Life. I suffered from the agonies of sciatica, weak back and neuralgia for seven years. I had given up all hope of ever being well again; only those who have experienced the pains of neuralgia and sciatica know how excruciating and wearying they are. In my case they kept me in constant misery. I feel certain that I should not be alive to-day if I had not met a friend who knew about your Magneto Belt. He induced me to try it, and for this I shall never be able to thank him enough. It was a veritable godsend to me, for I am now quite cured."

Another correspondent writes: "I suffered for years from rheumatism, complicated with nervousness and insomnia, which were making life an intolerable burden. Your belt is simply wonderful—it acted like a charm, the pain of the rheumatism subsiding from the first day and a calm and peaceful sleep returning by the second night; by the end of three weeks I was a sound man once more."



### How to be Strong.

This illustration from life shows how Professor Ambrose Wilson's Magneto Belt is worn. It can be worn next the skin or over the undershirt, where it cannot be seen by others. Even the very first day the wearer notes a building up of vital strength and confidence. This goes on increasing day after day until the wearer is as strong and well as other men. This belt can also be worn all night and when worn continuously night and day the restoration of strength and fitness of every physical power is more rapid. Send to-day and commence wearing this wonderful Magneto Belt at once and let it build up your strength.

will of quite late years no very has been vouchsafed by English trotting races, this form of has made rapid strides during and now under the auspices Union of Great Britain, meet- in Scotland, Ireland, at Man- and a great many northern not least, there are fre- meetings at Wembley,

horse is a class—I might almost breed—entirely apart from the racing bred as we know him in this country. y practical be said to be an American English owners and breeders horses import them from the practically every country which bred blood for racing pur- England for it.

the case, however, is the great majority of the American trotters trace their descent back to the English thoroughbred Messenger, who was taken to in the year 1788. Despite the inclusion in the English thorough- book (notably as a grey, foaled in Mambrino, dam Turf) many ex- to doubt the absolute purity This contention is borne the fact that as a sire of race- Messenger was an abject failure, progeny and his descendants nearly themselves greatly in the trot- Another significant fact is that y thoroughbred sires went out with and sired a good many crack is, though not one was productive of

g races are run—or ought on specially prepared earth exactly to within an inch of a mile. No other distance This, of course, admits of great attained, so that the American far in advance of those made in where all the tracks are of grass.

trotters are highly esteemed can from the fact that £25,000 was the two-year-old colt £2,000 is no exorbitant price ne. Compare these with the prices racehorses and you will be illu-

trotting horses are generally two headings—trotting races The distinction between is interesting, because the in action is patent. in from the "trot" proper. Yet tions when his off fore and near moved simultaneously; and he "pacing" when the two legs strike the ground in unison. It le fact that, until a few years n pacers were allowed to race as trotters, despite the fact that far speedier process than actual tion has its disadvantages. In horse is often inclined to "over- to let his hind hoofs

# RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

## A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by  
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

### WHAT CAN PHYSICAL CULTURE DO FOR A MAN?

I have received a letter from a reader of this page in which he expresses very well those feelings which are common in many quarters regarding physical culture.

"I sometimes read your page," he says, "but I do not take up any of the exercises, because I don't think I need them."

"My work is sedentary," and I have all the muscle that is needed for

writing down figures and ruling lines. What use would a muscular physique be to me?

"It might be useful if I were fond of sport, but I'm not. I like to spend my spare time at a choral society, for I am fond of music."

"You will see, then, that physical culture would not be of any use to me, even in my recreation."

"I would certainly like to have a muscular body, like some of the photographs one sees of athletes, but to get muscles like theirs takes time, and I prefer to spend my time in other ways."

"Besides, what is the use of having fine muscles if you are not to be seen stripped?"

"Could you please give me a cure for blackheads, as I am troubled with these on my cheeks and about my neck?"

The best argument against this correspondent's point of view is the inquiry which he makes at the end of his letter. He wants to know how to get rid of blackheads. He would never have had them if he had practised a sensible form of physical culture.

The science of physical culture is not concerned only with the creation of large muscles, but with the welfare of the body as a whole.

The physical culturist takes a genuine pride in his body. By increasing the size of his muscles he develops all those lines of beauty of which his body is capable, but his efforts do not end there. He pays close attention to his food, and, without being a faddist, he avoids those things which do not suit his constitution.

He nurses his body as a horseman does his mount, and the grooming which he gives it is no less careful.

He takes up exercises and also outdoor sports, with the result that he frequently sweats, and thereby cleanses his skin in the most thorough manner possible. Every day he has a bath, or at least a sponge down, thus washing away from his skin any impurities that the sweat may have brought out.

The physical culturist is never worried with such skin troubles as blackheads. If such a thing as a pimple appeared on any part of his body, he would at once try to ascertain the cause of it, and would decide whether his method of exercise was unsuitable to the weather, or whether it was his food that was wrong.

If this correspondent and others like him took up physical culture, they would never

require recipes for the cure of blackheads.

My correspondent suggests that a well-developed body is of no use to the average man, because the average man is very seldom stripped, and his lines of beauty are therefore hidden by his clothes.

But a man is stripped in his own bedroom, and if his body is well-developed the sight of it gives him pleasure and pride.

It is something worth taking care of, and something worth living up to. It is to him something like the King's uniform is to the soldier—a thing which on no account must he ever disgrace.

To that extent physical culture has a direct effect upon the character, for it helps to keep a man straight.

I have said that attention to the body will prevent such minor ailments as eruptions of the skin, but its usefulness does not end there. If the muscles and organs of the body are made sound, they have a direct effect upon the general health, and, therefore, upon a man's outlook. No matter what reverses may come to him, a man with a healthy body faces circumstances bravely and does not lose heart. He may be sacked from business, but he always has behind him the capital of physical fitness.

A sound body makes a man not only contented with himself, but pleasant to other people, for he has none of those little ailments that make one peevish and irritable.

My correspondent refers to the time that athletes spend in developing their muscles. He appears to think that they must spend hours and hours in the process, but such is not the case.

Some men spend longer over physical culture than others, but I could name many well-known athletes who spend no more than ten minutes each morning and each evening on a regular system of physical culture.

When you come across a man who says that physical culture is of no use, it is not as a rule worth while arguing with him, for you are not likely to convince him that he is in error.

There are two types of men in the world, the developed and the undeveloped, but of all those whom I have so far met I must say that I infinitely prefer the developed.

Send 1s. 1½d. for Maxick's Great Book, the rage of the physical culture world!!! "HOW TO BECOME A GREAT ATHLETE." It contains information on General Athletics, Weight-lifting, Training for Sports, Diet and Bathing, never before presented to the public! Beautiful PHOTOGRAPHS. Send Now!! The Verdict of all: "IT IS WORTH POUNDS."

Also ask for our explanatory Booklet, "The Last Word in Physical Culture," which will be included Free and Post Free, or sent to any who send addressed postcard to MAXICK & SALBO, Eton House, Eton Avenue, North Finchley, LONDON, N.

## A GOOD GENERAL EXERCISE

The lunge exercise of which illustration is here given is not one which has any marked effect on the development of any particular set of muscles, but is an excellent one for keeping the muscles of the body and limbs supple and in good condition.

Stand erect with the heels together and the arms by the sides.

Lunge smartly to the right; carrying the right foot one pace to the front and to the right. At the same time throw the right arm up to the position illustrated, and carry the left arm back so as to be in the same straight line with it.

Pause a moment in this position, and spring back to the starting position, dropping the hands to the sides again.

Repeat the exercise lunging to the left, bringing the left arm forward and the right one back.



Keeps you fit.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G. (Gibraltar).—I am afraid you will find rather difficult to combine training for rowing for running, but as you have eight days between the races, you ought to have a shot at Sprinting practice will do you no harm while training for rowing, but go easy with the mile.

F. G. M. (Nunhead).—I can only suggest tongs, but I don't recommend them. You wash the grease out of your hair it will return to its normal condition when it gets dry. Exposure to the open air may help to produce the desired effect.

**TOBACCO HABIT.** You can conquer it in 3 days! health; prolong your life. No more no foul breath, no heart weakness. Regain calm nerves, clear eyes, and superior mind. Whether you smoke pipe, cigarettes, cigars, or interesting tobacco book. Worth its weight in gold. E. J. WOODS, 10, Norfolk Street (395 T.A.).

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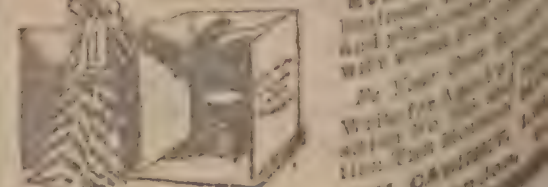
If so, Write **TO-DAY** for my Free Book "Physical Culture: its Uses and Abuses." This book explains the advantages of **MY SYSTEM** is unequalled.

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**EVERYBODY** CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, (Dept. 556), 205, Regent Street, London.

# CANOEING AS AN EXERCISE



## WHY IT IS WORTH THE ATTENTION OF THE RIVER MAN.

Paddling has come more and more into favour in recent years. It is, however, a comparatively new form of exercise at best, and often it is little more than an enjoyable lounge amidst the prettiest of Nature's charms.

On the other hand, is a healthful, invigorating, muscular exercise under identical conditions. It may be made as vigorous as any other, and, with some constitutions, as a possibility of overdoing it.

As a less vigorous alternative, canoeing, which is now, perhaps, somewhat out of fashion, has its merits.

The "Rob Roy" canoe, which is decked fore and aft, is frequently regarded by those who have never been in one as a very dangerous kind of craft. In still water it is really nothing of the kind.

BY NO MEANS DANGEROUS.

The paddler, occupying the bottom of the canoe, is usually below the level of the water, and his weight acts as ballast. Moreover, he has no room to get into risky positions without knowing it. Of course, try to stand up in the canoe; but the craft does not readily lend itself to such a

dangerous experiment. So long as the canoeer sits still, there is little danger of an upset, whatever may befall.

The decked ends of the canoe act as air-chambers, similar to those at each end of a

lifeboat, and little water can under any circumstances be taken in. The only real risk arises when the canoe is struck in collision with sufficient force to throw its occupant out—a rare event under ordinary circumstances.

One chief advantage of the canoe is that the paddler faces towards the direction in which he is going. He sees what is in his way; he views the scenery as he approaches it.

### FREE TO GO ANYWHERE.

Another advantage is that the canoe draws very little water, and can be navigated where an ordinary boat would ground. Add to this that the occupant sits low, and can paddle his canoe under overhanging branches and bushes where a boat could not be taken.

The chief drawback to canoeing in this kind of craft is the stiff and cramping position which the paddler is compelled to occupy.

In estimating the amount of exercise which is to be got out of paddling the peculiarities of the circumstances must be taken into account. It is not a vigorous occupation, and can hardly be pushed to a straining-point. The effort centres in the arms and shoulders more than that of rowing does.

The rower uses his back and legs more than his arms. The paddler, using a double-

bladed paddle, pulls entirely with his arms and shoulders. Moreover, it must be remembered that he carries the weight of his paddle all the time; it does not rest upon rowlocks.

Rowing, too, is an intermittent or rhythmical movement; first a strong pull, and then almost a resting on the oars, while the swing forward and the advancing motion of the boat carry them back to the position for beginning a new stroke.

### CONTINUOUS EFFORT.

In paddling the effort is more continuous, for the reason that while one arm is pulling the blade of the paddle the other arm is quite vigorously occupied in providing a fulcrum for the paddle. There is, therefore, an alternation, but not a cessation, of muscular effort.

The Canadian canoe with a single paddle provides less exercise, but it allows more space and greater opportunities of changing the position.

The skilful wielder of the single paddle seems to use hardly any effort at all. The paddle is never withdrawn from the water between the strokes, and it does not have to be shifted from one side to the other to keep the boat straight.

W. A. ATKINSON.

### "CROSSING" IN A RACE.

At the time of writing, remissness in riding on the part of a young jockey has just lost a three-year-old handicap to a well-known owner.

It was at Alexandra Park, and the youngster, despite the fact that he had practically got his only rival into difficulties, had a fit of excessive zeal and crossed over to take up a position on the rails.

Keen eyes saw him do it; and his mount was disqualified, because he had not observed the rule—of which not everybody is aware—that before "crossing" another horse a rider must be at least two lengths ahead.

## THE MAXICK-SALDO SYSTEM For the TREATMENT OF ILLNESS and DISEASE WITHOUT MEDICINE

The object of this advertisement is to make known to you the idea of our system of Cure of Physical Culture, or the cure of Diseases by means that is within each individual. No apparatus of any kind is either necessary or desirable to obtain the best results, and we guarantee to either cure or permanently benefit every case we accept for our Psycho-Physical treatment.

It is our ultimate ambition to make so known the wonderful healing and body-improving properties of our system, that at no distant date every town and village in Great Britain may possess a school of its own where the growing generation can acquire the habit of Psycho-Physical exercise free of cost.

**HABIT.**—Are you a victim of habit? Do you live a natural life—that is, as Nature intended you to live? If so, you should be well and strong, and should not need our or any other treatment.

It is very probable that you belong to the great majority who, by overwork, worry, or excessive conditions, have enervated either body or nerve, until life has lost that sparkle and brightness which should remain until old age.

**ILLNESS AND DISEASE.**—Where a person is born healthy—that is, with no perceptible hereditary taint of organic disease, there should be no difficulty in removing any local ailment which may have come into evidence by an ill-advised form of living.

**THE SEAT OF MOST AILMENTS** is undoubtedly the stomach. In these days of excessive effort, either for pleasure or pence, the stomach is rarely considered, and we ask you to compare yourself to a mass of machinery, and your stomach to the furnace, in which fuel must be placed to keep up the force necessary for its motive-power.

Would a stoker dream of choking up his furnace with fuel indiscriminately? In the first place the waste of fuel would in itself be a deterrent; besides, the furnace would be choked and clinkered up, he would be unable to get the maximum of heat from the perfect working of his machine, and the life of the receptacle would be shortened.

Should that intricate and delicate machine, your body, be subjected to the treatment practised upon it, either by ignorance or indifference? But Nature has her own methods of giving a warning signal when she is being wrongly treated, but usually these signals result in

a call upon the local doctor or the chemist, who will prescribe a drastic remedy, which will not remove the cause, give but temporary relief, and injure, to some extent, at least, the lining of the stomach.

**INDIGESTION.**—Years go by, and food which could be digested in earlier days, now causes either discomfort or actual pain, or, failing in its object to nourish the system, you begin to feel out of sorts at odd moments, the stomach refuses to do its share of the work of creating vital force, and the bulk of the work is thrown upon the liver and kidneys. The off days become more and more frequent, the doctor more regularly consulted, and the habit of thinking of your ailment grows upon you, and, as habits do, your ailments multiply.

### Who has not met the man or woman with an ailment?

**THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.**—That "life hangs upon a thread" is literally true, and unless the nervous system is kept in harmony with the body, ailments such as depression, neurasthenia, insomnia, and even insanity, will, in their natural sequence, result.

**TEMPERAMENT.**—An even temperament! How many of my readers realise the real import of the phrase. It means that the mental or brain force is in perfect balance with the creative or generating force, and that again with the motive power or muscular force. We are born with our varying temperaments, some with great brain and small physical power; some with great creative force, and others possessed of a preponderance of bone and muscle; and it is to our hereditary temperament that we must look for the ailments to which we are liable throughout our lives.

**TREATMENT OF DISEASES.**—Our treatment consists of making a careful and exhaustive study of Temperament, Occupation, and Cause, and then, by means of movements evolved during years of patient research, to attack the seat of the disease, and remove, by judicious movements and suitable diet, the cause. In this manner we effect permanent cures, and establish and promote a habit of self-preservation which will, in every case, prolong your life.

The most common ailments we treat are:—Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Troubles, Kidney Disorders, Rheumatism and Gout, Insomnia, Neurasthenia, Weak Heart, and I invite all suffering to write us most fully on their condition, and we will advise as to the suitability of the case for treatment free of charge.

For Free Explanatory Booklet send postcard, with your name and address, to

**MAXICK & SALDO, Physical Culture Experts,**  
Eton House, Eton Avenue, N. Finchley, London, N.

Send for Maxick's Great Book, the rage of the physical culture world!!! "HOW TO BECOME A GREAT ATHLETE." Information on General Athletics, Weight-lifting, Training for Sports, Diet and Bathing, never before presented to the public! Beautiful PHOTOGRAPHS. Send Now!! The Verdict of all: "IT IS WORTH POUNDS."

On Saturday July 8th, our pupil Soguel defeated Carquest (Inch pupil) in a contest for the 9st 7lb Championship of the World. It is a remarkable performance, inasmuch as Soguel is 10st 7lb normal weight, and we reduced his weight from 10st 4lb to 9st 6lb in three weeks.

# FIELDING AND ITS VALUE

## A NEGLECTED SIDE OF CRICKET.

By C. P. BUCKENHAM.  
(Essex County Cricket Club.)

Cricket is an excellent game, one of the finest that men can indulge in, because the qualities of endurance, good judgment, and perseverance are essential to success. If I may say so, good fielding is even more important.

Our Indian visitors, many of them excellent batsmen and fair bowlers, will probably learn a very great deal of the importance of fielding and the necessity of returning the ball accurately and fairly. In the opinion of a good many judges they have lost a large number of runs through not understanding how the field should be placed.

A good deal of practice is needed in order to become proficient in any position in the field, and very little good is got out of the ordinary games in the evening, unless the play is serious and it is not usually. This is a point well worth the consideration of the players, and when I was captain of my club I used to have as good a pitch for our evening practice games as in the matches, and unless one does, no high standard will be reached.

When the present Headmaster of Eton, Canon Lyttelton, was captain, some thirty years ago, of the most famous Cambridge eleven known, he insisted on a very high standard of fielding. Although he had several first-class batsmen, of whom most sides would have been glad to avail themselves, he did not include them because they were slack in the field.

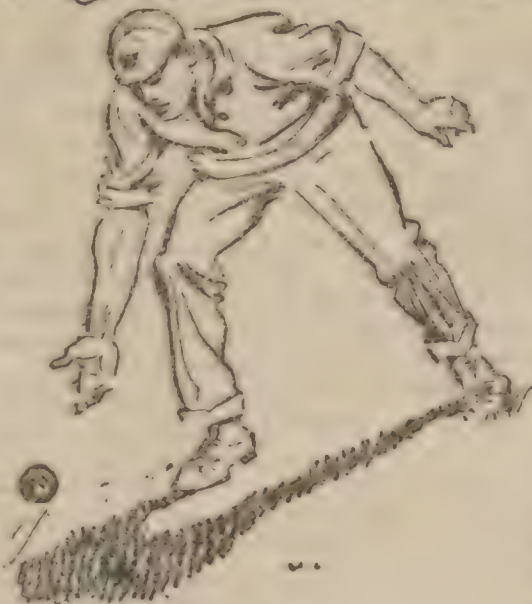
The Eton College eleven this year is very smart, and the Cambridge side, to judge from the matches in which I have seen them, are also a very good eleven indeed.

When I was a boy I had such a fondness for fielding that when I won the toss I used to send the other side in. You hear complaints about cricket being dull and the bat beating the ball. The next time you hear that complaint, inquire of the speaker as to the cause, and you will generally find that a dropped catch due to careless fielding was responsible for the long and weary outing in the field.

### WORTH CULTIVATING.

Fielding must be the foundation of match-winning teams, and when its value is understood it will no longer be looked upon as drudgery. The fact that you have had a long day under a hot sun with a couple of men well set, and knocking up a big score, may cause you to be a little slack, but a big price may have to be paid for it.

The late Mr. W. L. Murdoch, the greatest of all Australian captains, was once playing against Sussex; one who has long given up county cricket sent him down a beautiful ball which was returned gently to the bowler, who, to the horror of everyone, let it drop. The great batsman stayed in a part of three days and made a score of over 300 without giving a single other chance. The county had to field through an innings of 700 odd, and this might have been reduced by one half if the simple catch had been taken. This shows the importance of taking a chance when it is offered.



The first thing you have to do is to learn to hold the ball when it comes in your vicinity. Thus in the slips the great thing is always to keep one's eye on the ball. The time between its leaving the bowler's hands and reaching the bat is only a matter of one or two seconds, and if it only just touches the bat, it should find its way to the hands of slip. Those who field in this position should always stand on tip toe, and they must be quick-footed and clear-sighted.

Incidentally it will be found that the smoking habit should be given up if there are any chances of the eyes being affected.

Among the best men close to the wicket are A. O. Jones, the Notts captain, Braund of Somerset, Seymour of Kent, and Hayes of Surrey.

Once become expert in the slips or at point, and no words could express the feeling of delight which thrills you when you secure a good catch. Many regard the position of mid-on in local cricket as a place where the poorest fielder on the side can go. As a matter of fact the place is a very difficult one and requires as much care as any other. You are standing in a position where it is very difficult to judge the pace of the ball as it comes off the bat.

### COVER AND EXTRA-COVER.

In the position of cover-point and extra cover great reputations have been made, and one has to be very alert, quick with the feet and very keen-sighted.

The most difficult ball to field is a hard forcing off-stroke in which the ball travels at a great pace, and the picking up of the ball and the return to the wicket-keeper should take place simultaneously, a habit which is only acquired by perfect practice in that position. G. L. Jessop, and Jack Hobbs of Surrey, excel in these positions.

Long fielding is altogether a different matter. It is a mistake for cricketers to field far away from the wicket if they cannot throw and catch. The positions in the deep field are not nearly so difficult as they seem, but practice is necessary and every effort should be made to learn to catch, in addition one must be a pretty good runner.

Everyone cannot excel. Very few can throw well enough. The capacity is one which must be acquired when young. For that reason throwing the cricket ball should be in the programme of every school sports.

It is very necessary for the fielder to be ambidextrous, that is to be able to return the ball with either hand as he is running at full speed.

It is by no means easy to take the ball when you are running fast. Sight and nerve are required in the long field. There is a great temptation

while the ball is in the air to jump and try to secure it. As a matter of fact you must wait until it comes to you, as it enters your hands, they should feel a little.

After all, nothing is more satisfactory to know you are confident of holding a catch which comes to you in the "country." The knowledge will come to you as it comes to me, and after very long practice you will feel that you can hold the ball.

### NOT PAINFUL.

Some young cricketers think that it is stinging, but this is a great delusion, as you realise when once you have learned, as I have, to learn everything in this life, the knack of holding the ball and drawing your hand to receive it. Some men have told me that the ball seems to be attracted to the hands. I do not know quite what they mean, but practice will help you to bring a catch very successfully at a great distance.

Fielding is at a low ebb at present, but this season there has been a distinct improvement, and one that I hope will be maintained.

## WALKING RACE FOULS.

### THE MEANING OF "LIFTING" AND "MIXING."

The average man who has never taken part in a walking race, could not credit the strictness with which the rules of walking is circumscribed as far as race is concerned.

It is, as most of us know, described generally as "fair heel and toe." This means that the walker's heel must come down to the ground before the toes of the hinder foot are allowed to rise from it.

The old-fashioned expression was "toe and heel," the meaning of which is described in a contemporary athletic almanack as a rule whereby "as the foot of the back leg is lifted, the heel of the foremost foot should be on the ground."

It is a breach of these rules which is known as "lifting," and this, although it may possibly be unintentional, is, nevertheless, variably penalised with a caution. Lifting consists of letting the toe of the back leg come up before the front heel is down.

An even worse offence than this is known as mixing—and the increased seriousness of the latter lies in its being deliberate.

Mixing is an intentional attempt to gain in a few running strides in a walking race. Disqualified competitors must at once leave the track.

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# THE POINTS OF A BOXER

## HOW A MAN MAY BEST USE HIS NATURAL FIGHTING GIFTS.

Who knows anything about boxing? The boxer is, like the poet, born and not made. If a man has no natural aptitude for boxing, no matter how good his tuition may be, he will never be a boxer. It is that the seat of success as a boxer is in the brain than in the muscles.

Who doesn't know how to use his strength? He will be beaten by a weaker man who knows how to administer his feeble physical force to advantage.

What are the points that go to make a boxer? So many that hardly any man possesses all. But almost every man is endowed with one or more of them—that is, the boxer's points; and thus there are few boxers who are not to some measure of "form."

What are the most important qualities in boxing? The greatest of all is the ability to watch your man. Without that no one will ever be a boxer or a fighter.

What is the most important quality in boxing? The greatest of all is the ability to watch your man. Without that no one will ever be a boxer or a fighter.

Stand up in fighting attitude, and lead out at an imaginary opponent. At the same time look carefully at your left hand and your left foot—or, if you are what is known as a left-handed boxer, your right hand and foot respectively. If hand and foot are both pointing in the same direction, that is, straight at the portion of your imaginary adversary's anatomy which you are desirous of hitting, you can be sure that you are a straight hitter. If, on the other hand, your foot is not pointing in the required direction, rest assured that your blow will go astray.

### LEFT LEADING.

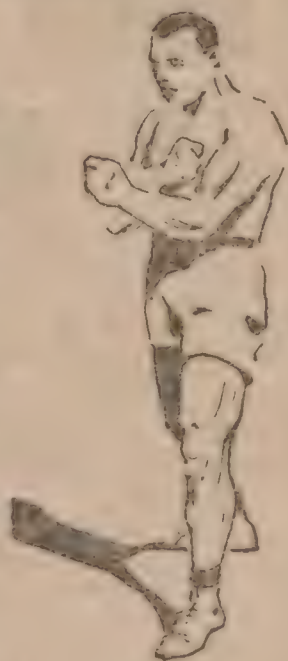
The hand *always* follows the foot. The man who wants to hit straight *must* keep his foot straight.

Can you punch hard with your left? The men who can do this are in the minority. And yet the little "point" that makes for powerful left-leading is very simple.

It consists merely of making your fist land on your adversary's face or body at the precise moment at which your foot touches the ground after the "lead."

Try this yourself on a friend, or on a punching-ball.

If the foot touches the ground before the blow,



the latter will be very weak indeed; but if foot and fist are simultaneous in reaching their respective goals, the hit will have power, for the reason that the *whole weight of your body* will be behind it.

### WATCHING YOUR MAN.

If everybody understood this vital point in boxing there would be fewer men who are quick with their hands and feet, but feeble in their punching.

Next in importance comes the ability of watching your antagonist's every movement.

You must cultivate this faculty, for it enables you to guess what he intends to do, and, if you know that, you can prepare yourself accordingly.

Do you watch your man? Possibly you think you do, but equally possibly you don't really.

A misguided idea that is very common among amateur boxers is that you are all right so long as you watch your adversary's eye. Nothing could be more misleading.

A batsman at cricket does not keep his gaze fixed upon the bowler's eye. He watches the hand that holds the ball.

In the same way, though the boxer gives a certain amount of attention to his opponent's eyes, which will often flash or light up just before a lead, he watches still more closely the *fists* that are itching to get home on his anatomy. It is the fist that counts.

If he can see *them* coming he is all right. Once he gets in his guard he doesn't care a rap about the other man's eyes.

### ONLY A FEINT.

What is more, a really clever boxer will often feign extreme exhaustion, and half shut his eyes, as though he was too tired to keep them open. But this is not to prevent you from watching them. It is simply to make you think he is unprepared, and to lead you to rush in on to a carefully thought-out cross-counter.

G. R. ENNIS.

## TIRED HAIR.

At the end of the year thousands of people find their hair getting thinner. Why is this? In most cases the reason is simple. The hair is tired. More than that, it is usually starved, even when it is growing. The surest means of retaining hair till the end of the year is the use of a really good hair lotion, such as

## JOHN STRANGE WINTER'S HAIR FOOD.

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## THE MILITARY AIR.

### OF WHAT DOES IT CONSIST?

What is it that distinguishes the military man from his fellows?

I do not think it is his clothes, meaning, of course, his mufti; or, if it is, then it does so only to a slight extent.

A good many officers have their mufti made by military tailors, who impart to it a distinctively military cut, though they would probably deny doing so. Nevertheless, you can generally "spot" the Army tailor's civilian suits by a certain rigidity of line, more especially about the shoulders.

On the other hand, quite as many officers patronise exclusively civilian tailors for their mufti.

True, the officer sometimes wears his regimental colours as a hat-band or tie, but, for aught the average spectator knows to the contrary, they might be cricket or other club colours.

I daresay you know the story of the bumptious youth who approached an officer of the 17th Lancers with the question: "I see, sir, that you are wearing the colours of the Peckham Rye Bicycling Club. May I ask whether you are entitled to wear them, as I don't remember your joining the club?"

Occasionally you may meet an officer wearing a regimental badge or button set as a tie-pin or as sleeve-links, but, on the whole, it is not considered good form thus openly to advertise your profession, and as a rule the officer in mufti gives no tangible clue to his status.

Yet you know him nine times out of ten.

Is it his walk? Well, certainly many officers, more especially the younger ones, carry the parade-ground style into private life, and are instantly to be told by their squared shoulders, hollowed backs, and short, quick step; but quite as many put their military carriage away with their uniforms.

To a long-legged officer it is a relief to be able to stride out after the short regulation pace of the drill-ground, while some, with more or less harmless affectation, deliberately adopt a dawdling, lounging gait in private life.

One little mannerism sometimes betrays the Army officer. No, I don't mean the trick of carrying his handkerchief up his sleeve.

The sleeve is not a comfortable way of carrying a handkerchief. It crumples the handkerchief, makes you hot in warm weather, and also soils and crumples the cuff every time you pull it out or put it away again. The average officer is only too glad to have the chance of carrying his handkerchief in the ordinary way.

No, I was thinking of the officer's gloves. These he usually carries in his hand, simply because he has so constantly to wear gloves in uniform that it is a relief not to do so.

What, then, is the military air which proclaims the officer? It is exceedingly difficult to define it. It is partly a matter of being well-groomed, but there are heaps of non-military men who are scrupulously clean and neat in appearance, whose hair, though never long, never looks newly-shorn, whose linen is always irreproachable, whose boots are always well blacked or browned.

I fancy the Army officer acquires a certain air of confidence. A few, of course, swagger outrageously, but the average officer is quietly self-confident. He is sure of himself and his place in the world. He does not look about to see if people are noticing him. He is so accustomed to obedience that he never appears to exact it. Equally he can obey without appearing to think twice about it.

In short, the military air is the air of the disciplined man who, in learning to obey, has learned to command himself and others.

W. E. V.

## BOND STREET TAILORING AT MODERATE PRICES.

### Let Us be Your Tailor.

Why does a Bond Street tailor charge so much for a suit?

Because

(1) He uses the finest materials that can possibly be bought.

(2) He employs only the best cutters—men who are not only tailors but artists.

(3) He occupies premises which he rents at an unnecessarily high figure. Look back at the tabulated items mentioned above.

(1) We use only the very finest and purest of materials, and of these only those of the latest patterns.

(2) We employ none but the most highly-qualified West-end cutters.

(3) It is in the third item that we differ. By paying a smaller rental than we should in Bond Street for our premises, we are enabled to produce clothes unsurpassed by anything you can buy from a Bond Street tailor, at less than half his price. It is only fair to add that our clientèle being so much larger than that of the average Bond Street tailor, we can afford to give our customers the benefit of the money saved.

We are now producing

## A SPECIAL SUIT

IN

## ROYAL BLUE SERGE

AT 40/-

which cannot be equalled at four times the price by any Bond Street or other West-end tailor in London.

Our Royal Blue Serge suit is thoroughly shrunk, and is warranted not to fade in colour.

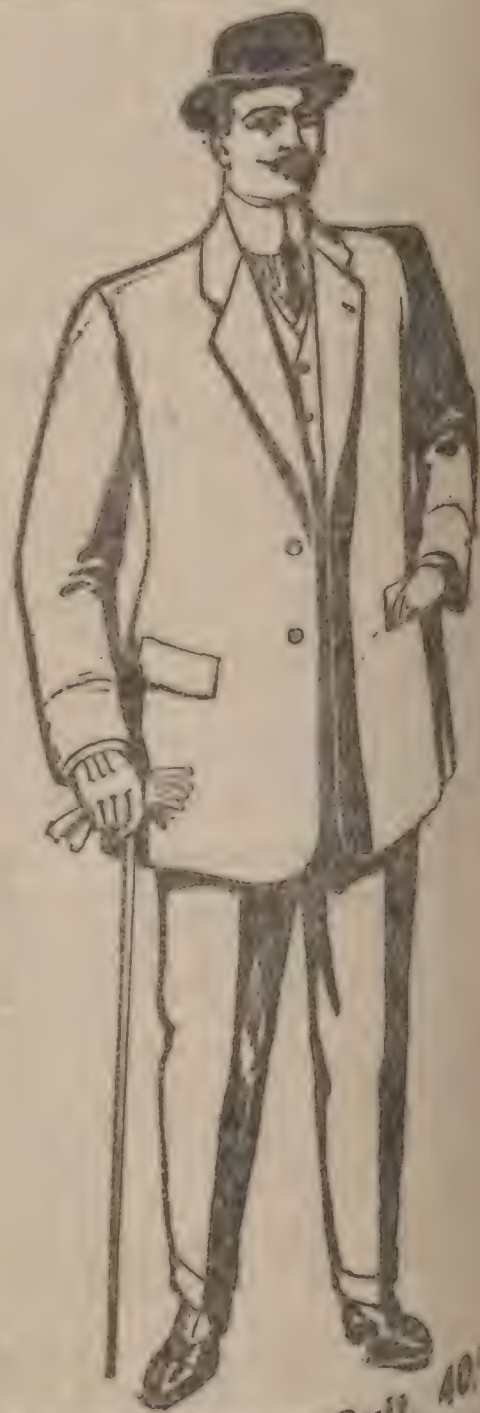
In connection with this suit we guarantee two years' wear. Would any Bond Street tailor do that?

Call on us if you have an opportunity to do so. If, however, you live in the country, we guarantee to fit you by post, and to return your money in full if you are not satisfied. Our special self-measurement forms enable us to make this offer without loss to ourselves.

Our principle always is "your money back if you are not satisfied in every way." Write to-day for patterns and self-measurement form, which will be sent to you post free to any address; but if you are in London make a point of calling and seeing our Royal Blue Serge in the piece.—Your obedient servants,

**J. & H. ELLIS,**  
**20, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.**

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Lounge Serge Suit, 40/-

# BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

## POSITIONS.



## FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.)

—EDITOR.

## CONSOLS.

A great many correspondents ask if Consols should be bought at the present price. The answer is in the affirmative should the

correspondent require a safe investment with very little risk of depreciation in capital, as Consols, in my opinion, should vary in price between 75 and 80.

Of course the Birkbeck Bank failure has somewhat frightened large holders, and the chances are that there will be a constant liquidation in a quiet way for some considerable time to come, which will prevent any decided upward movement in price; consequently the investor who wishes safety with good prospects of capital appreciation should look elsewhere.

## SPIERS AND POND.

I note the chairman in answer to the inquiry of a shareholder said there was no truth in the rumour as to the business of Spiers and Pond, Ltd., being taken over or managed by a certain very successful catering firm. What a pity for the proprietors of Spiers and Pond, Ltd.

## HOME RAILS.

This market has shaken off the depressing influences at work and started upwards again, as it certainly ought to do.

The Board of Trade returns for June were excellent, and Railroad traffic increases continue, and by the time this article appears in print some of the dividends will have been declared, showing substantially increased distributions. Consequently investors need not hesitate to buy, and "bulls" have only to sit tight to get back their losses, with substantial profits on top.

Districts and East Londons are still my favourites for the small punter.

## FOREIGN AND COLONIAL RAILS.

Grand Trunks and Mexican Rails are still good to buy, and my particular tips are Trunk Thirds and Mexican Seconds.

## RUBBER SHARES.

This market has shown a smart improvement during the last few days, and with the commodity improving in price, and a number of "bears" in the market, the outlook for rising prices is extremely hopeful.

## OIL SHARES.

These seem to be quite neglected, and I cannot understand why the prices of large dividend payers are so low.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. K., C. M., and OTHERS.—You will see that I have replied to your queries re Consols in the current article.

P. D. (Shanklin).—Yes, I think your selection quite safe for the amount you mention.

L. B. (Devizes).—I think you will see better prices for all, with the possible exception of No. 3.

J. E. (York).—Extremely risky and far better left alone.

O. M. (Dublin).—Quite respectable, and you may safely entrust your business to them.

"SUB." (Edinburgh).—I understand the company mentioned is shaping very well indeed.

R. H. S. (Wolverhampton).—In your case I should not advocate speculation of any kind.

H. S. (Birmingham).—Hold No. 2 and sell No. 1 for what you can get.

A. F. B. (Swindon).—You can never obtain an accurate idea of the trade of the country by reading one newspaper only. It is regrettable, but a fact, that our newspapers twist the official figures into party arguments. Your best plan is to buy two newspapers with different political creeds.

"SERGEANT" (Portsea).—East London Stock is fully-paid, and there is no liability.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

## ELECTRIC BELTS.

Some years ago there were placed upon the market various brands of so-called electric belts, which were supposed to infuse into you all the energy required for success and happiness and everything else.

Most of them were absolute frauds, and were duly exposed as such. Hence there remains in the minds of many an impression that all electric belts are frauds, but such is not the case.

There is no question but that the constant action of electricity upon the skin must have a highly beneficial effect upon the nerves.

Electricity is one of the essentials of life, and many of us have desired to at least give an electric belt a trial. Professor Wilson, of Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., has placed the experiment within the reach of everybody, for his belts cost only 5s. each, or they can be paid for by weekly instalments.

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## COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

## RICHARD SELBY'S HUMOUR

Richard Selby had strolled into the village to post some letters one evening, and was returning when he saw Mr. Courtney Grace approaching with the evident intention of speaking to him.

The immaculately-cut dark flannel suit, combined with peerless extremities of patent-leather boots and snowy straw hat, gave to Mr. Courtney Grace an appearance of exquisiteness which struck a note of incongruity in the quiet rural surroundings.

He was a bachelor, living in a big house on the outskirts of Woolveley, and so far Richard had not had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Apparently that honour was to be conferred upon him now.

Mr. Courtney Grace was undeniably handsome; so handsome, indeed, as to constitute almost an affront to plainer men.

He was of slender figure, with crisp wavy fair hair, eyes the colour of a forget-me-not, and a pink carnation in his buttonhole.

He hastened up smiling, extending his hand at the psychological moment with a sort of winning impulsiveness.

"How d'you do?" he said. "How d'you do!"

"Quite well," said Richard conventionally. "How are you?"

His naturally strong grip interfered with the other's up-and-down motion.

"I'm Courtney Grace. You know me, no doubt. The fact of our being neighbours must excuse this informal introduction. I was going to call on you, you know, but I thought I'd better give you a chance to settle down a bit. How is your wife? Miss Lyons, of Bagley Court was she not? I know the family. Not intimately, you understand, but, of course, by repute. A thoroughly estimable gentleman, her father! Real country, don't you think? One of a rapidly diminishing type, I am afraid."

"Yes," agreed Richard, feeling in his jacket pockets.

"Have a cigarette, won't you?"

"No thanks," said Richard. "I prefer a pipe."

He proceeded leisurely to fill it.

"You're on your way back home, I suppose?"

"No," said Richard. "I'm going for a walk."

Mr. Courtney Grace had an odd habit of forgetting his smile and remembering it. He forgot it now, merely for an instant.

"Then will you come my way, and come in and have a chat with me?" he invited cordially. "I'd be awfully delighted if you would. I've no one coming this evening. That is to say, one or the other *may* drop in, but you won't mind that; you'll no doubt be glad to meet them. I can introduce you to all the best people, you know."

"Thanks," said Richard, who had been lighting his pipe and now threw away the match. He looked his companion dispassionately between the eyes and turned to accompany him. Mr. Courtney Grace skipped in order to fall in with his stride.

"We're perhaps just a little exclusive," continued Mr. Courtney Grace, "but quite jolly together! Ignorant people often assume that country life must necessarily be dull; but I'm sure you don't share that opinion, Mr. Selby."

"No," said Richard—adding, with the air of making a discovery—"if I did I should be labelling myself as ignorant, shouldn't I?"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Mr. Courtney Grace. "Of course I didn't mean it in that way."

"As a matter of fact," said Richard, "I



never feel dull, no matter what company I'm in."

They got on excellently together. It was late when eventually Richard returned home.

He perceived that there was still a light in his wife's boudoir, and, entering, he found her curled kitten-wise on a couch with a book, looking quaintly young with her loose dark hair making a triangle of her brow.

"Hullo!" said Richard, "I thought you'd be in bed."

"I've been sitting up for you," she answered severely. "Wherever have you been?"

"I've been," said Richard, "enjoying myself."

"It's half-past eleven—a disgraceful hour for the country! You went out at eight to post your letters—three and a half hours ago! When a husband begins to stay out late at night it's a sign of the beginning of the end. What have you to say for yourself?"

"All this rehearsed?" inquired Richard.

"Yes, and lots more—which I've forgotten. Have you been having a good time, *really*?"

"I've had," said Richard, sitting on the arm of a chair, "the time of my life."

"Tell me all about it."

"I've been talking to Mr. Courtney Grace."

"That doesn't sound very exciting. Who's he?"

"Don't you know? This is lamentable ignorance. Mr. Courtney Grace is the Big Pot of Woolveley. He's the Lord High Critic of Social Suitability. You must first be approved by him before being received into Woolveley's exclusive circle. Fail, and you're unutterably damned."

"Don't be profane, Dick," she said. "And, please," she added, "don't be an idiot."

"He has taken me up, anyhow," continued Richard solemnly. "I've passed muster. More on your account than my own. He has generously consented to overlook my somewhat questionable upbringing for your sake, who at least have no flies on your ancestry."

"Did he say that?" she asked, interested.

"Not in so many words. It's my coarse way of putting it. He said he thought *trade* must be *extraordinarily fascinating*. He had never had occasion to go into business himself, he said. But he often regretted it. What was my line? Chain-making! How interesting! Did I not agree that there was something *romantic* in iron?"

"I pictured him," said Richard with a deep-chested laugh, "welding one-inch cable on a broiling hot day and wondering what romance he'd see in it after *that* experience was over. But it's useless to talk realities to such airy-fancied men."

"From what I can gather," observed his wife clear-sightedly, "he patronised you right and left."

"That's it. Even went so far as to offer to improve my culture. Suggested he should lend me a book. To be well-read, he assured me, is a *sine qua non* in Good Society. acquaintance with the classics. one a—what did he call it?—a *flour*."

"The odious little microbe," said he.

"What did you say?"

"Merely told him that second-hand information was not what we wanted in but he's treble armour-plated against it."

"I wonder you didn't shake him," said his wife.

"I did have the idea once or twice. Richard, with a reminiscent pause, as he saw in his mind's eye Mr. Courtney Grace held out at arm's length, gripped by the and kicking. "But instead—I asked for dinner."

Richard's wife never questioned his decisions, nor was surprised by any of them.

"What day is he coming?" she asked.

Richard told her. "I thought," he reflected, "it would not be a bad idea to give him a chance to show to better taste."

"You're a dear magnanimous thing," she said, uncurling to get to her feet. "I like you to return good for evil."

Whereupon Richard assumed an air of indifference to praise.

\* \* \*

Mr. Courtney Grace sat with a book gently across a knee talking to Richard on the lawn before Woodmans. The motor-car drew up and Richard and his secretary, Grail, and a hatchet-faced, clean-shaven man in a suit, whose general appearance of was only relieved by a smile which his countenance into innumerable wrinkles, as his eyes lit on the wife of the man whom most he admired in the village.

Just for an instant her glance from his face on to Richard's, and as it were, in amused and startled then Richard, advancing, shook hands with Grace by the hand, expressed his pleasure in seeing him, and turned to introduce his friends.

"... You'll often meet Grail with me—he's my colleague in business. You know Mark Gem, perhaps, prior of the 'Hare and Hounds'."

"Everybody calls him Mark."

Mark at that moment was engaged in verse with Richard's wife, his manner ing nervousness—not the nervous servility, but the self-conscious desire whole-hearted admiration.

"An old prize-fighter," continued biographically. "As staunch a friend was ever man's luck to have."

he called.

"I haven't the privilege of his tance," observed Mr. Courtney Grace.

"Mark!" repeated Richard.

"Wot? Can't yer wait a minute busy?"

"Come here, I want to introduce you."

"Cert'nly." He grinned and said to Mrs. Selby: "Excuse me, missy—"

ma'am—you know what he is."

"Mr. Grace—Mr. Gem."

"Mr. Gem—Mr. Grace."

"Pleased to meet yer," said Mark.

"Er—how d'you do?" murmured Courtney Grace, surrendering unwillingly.

"You're lookin' fit," said Mark, the friendliest remark he knew, at his ease. He had been noblemen in his time.

"I feel quite well, thanks," said ney Grace.

"Nothin' like it," declared Mark tically. "Look at our friend D."

## WOMAN'S INFLUENCE IN SPORT.

## ITS BRUTAL TENDENCY.

Without being in any way a woman-hater I think that woman's influence in sport is generally bad. Let me now try to justify this belief.

Has woman's presence in the field done anything towards checking brutality and cruelty in blood sports?

I think not. Rather do I believe that the fact that women can look on while a fox is broken up or extracted from its earth by means of a gigantic corkscrew, that they can help to chevy the carted deer, that they can share in the horrors of otter hunting, that they can patronise live pigeon-shooting, encourages inhumanity. "If the women can stand it it can't be so bad after all," say the men, and indulge in practices which they would be ashamed to pursue were they not countenanced by women.

Blood sports inevitably tend to become crueller, because, as the game becomes more and more preserved it becomes tamer and tamer, until in many cases you are hunting what is practically a domestic animal.

Nevertheless, women take an increasing part in these field sports in which it would take a very tolerant eye indeed to discover the slightest sporting element.

Women cannot now pretend to be ignorant of the atrocious cruelties and tortures which accompany seal hunting, but I am not aware that they have given up wearing sealskin jackets.

In regard to games, woman's influence is chiefly as a spectator.

The Football Association prides itself on the fact that many women attend professional matches. This is no new thing. Women have been watching football for many years. Yet is it not a fact that the game is dirtier and fouler than it has ever been? This is not a mere personal opinion. Writers and critics, like Mr. J. M. Dick, Jack Sharp, and "Pen-ank," of the "Athletic News," said so more than once last season, and, I presume, they ought to know.

Does the presence of women at Rugby football check the bad language and temper which so often disfigures modern Rugby, or does it prevent players from turning out in costumes which often border on the indecent?

Women have taken to attending boxing contests, but I have yet to learn that the ring is the cleaner for her patronage.

Woman, as a spectator, is generally excitable and rabidly partisan. The finer points of the game do not appeal to her. Her appreciation of sporting ethics is very limited. What she wants is the gladiatorial element—and plenty of it.

In athletics woman encourages endurance contests, which are sometimes disgusting, and frequently dangerous to life.

She likes to see some Marathon runner or twenty-four hours' cyclist staggering, or pedalling along in the last stage of exhaustion. She may pretend to be shocked, but she finds the experience strangely exhilarating, and repeats it at the first opportunity.

In regard to the games she shares with man—namely, golf, tennis and croquet—these are not virile sports. I don't know that she has any particular influence on them, but at golf she is often unscrupulous, while a certain type of feminine duffer is responsible for much bad language and ill-feeling.

In general terms, where field and essentially manly sports are concerned, woman's influence is to accentuate their objectionable features.

Sport, as sport, does not appeal to her. She wants blood and fighting. In the minor sports her tendency is to turn them into bumble-puppy.

M. H. WIGFAM.



"I'll throw you through the window if you do," said Richard unconcernedly.

"Yes, it might knock a hole in him," mused Mark, intent on his own ideas.

Courtney Grace got to his feet, rage bringing a blaze to his eyes.

"If you don't know better how to treat your guests that this, Selby," he said, "I recommend you to return to the environment from which you sprang."

"Listen 'ere," interrupted Mark Gem coolly, "it's my show. That was a remark worthy of yer, Mr. Grace, and worthy o' the notice it got. Just hearken a minit. Take a tip from a man who's associated with gentlemen afore you were breeched. It's this: Every man's guests are equal beneath his roof. You bin forgettin' it, that's all."

"I refuse to remain any longer," said Mr. Courtney Grace, quivering and livid. "Ring for my hat, Selby."

"I believe," said Richard's wife afterwards, "you did that *purposely*."

"I said," explained Richard, "that I was giving him another chance. It's no loss that he didn't take it."

"Think," she said, "of the reputation he'll give us in Woolveley."

"Think," said Richard, "of the personal charm of ourselves."

[Another of these stories will appear shortly.—EDITOR.]

## HOT WEATHER BREAKFASTS.

The man who is not very keen on his breakfast at ordinary times, regards that meal with something approaching to horror during the hot weather.

This is chiefly because he has the wrong sort of food put before him.

Thick slices of bread and butter, and steaming platefuls of ham and eggs or sausages, may be inviting at other times but they do not stimulate the palate on the morning of a hot day.

What you want is a breakfast of an entirely different kind.

Sandwiches, made of the thinnest of bread, well-buttered and with a couple of lettuce leaves in the middle, is the sort of provender that you will enjoy, and it is sustaining also.

If you can begin the meal with a plateful of absolutely fresh new-picked fruit, so much the better.

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trim and ready to take on  
comes along. That's why he's  
he 'as.  
took a step forward  
confidentially explanatory—"he's  
best man as ever I knew—and I've met  
Plenty of guts," he whispered.  
Mr. Courtney Grace drew back. He eyed  
his curious interlocutor with fastidious dis-  
dain. He turned his forget-me-not blue eyes  
Mark continued unabashed, unconscious of  
his embarrassment. "It's a good many  
years since I first took an interest in Dick;  
I never seen him show the white feather,  
and ever do anything but play the straight  
and manly game. He's had his bangings,  
but, shut up!" laughed Richard good-  
naturedly. "I don't see why I should," said Mark with  
stubborn staunchness. "Tain't likely to  
be yer head. Never has done. And I've  
been out here for the first time, and I see  
you missus lookin' all dainty and pretty, and  
you fine and flourishin', and the house and  
and everythin' they should be—and why  
shouldn't I spread myself to say 'ow it  
is?—er—have no opinion on the subject,"  
replied that gentleman with studied frigidity.  
"There's the gong," said Richard's wife,  
coming in with characteristic practicalness.  
"If you men want to remove your travel-  
bags, you'd better make haste."  
said the little ex-prize-fighter.  
Courtney Grace, gently smiling,  
his lightning smile and the air of  
impulsiveness which won him so  
much homage from the fair sex, and began  
to pay commonplaces to his hostess.  
He was at once a failure and a success  
so obviously happy that there was  
nothing in his volubility, and he addressed  
his remarks to Mr. Courtney Grace,  
treating him to reminiscences of his  
encounters of thirty years ago, illustrat-  
ing his meaning with spasmodic cuts and  
tapping to tight-held knife and fork, once  
pointing to his feet and felling an imaginary  
opponent with a vicious left upper-cut which  
he accompanied with a hiss.  
Mr. Courtney Grace, at first politely atten-  
ding, became sarcastic after a period.  
He pointed out the little man, seeking, it  
seemed, to render Richard uncomfortable  
by the commonness of his guest.  
He frequently interrupted Mark with the  
best that he should repeat some remark  
more than ordinarily vulgar.  
He completely failed to disturb Mark's  
serenity, or to bore him as anything  
more than an enthusiastic, boyish-hearted,  
inexperienced, generous-minded little man.  
His illiterateness as forgivable as a  
man's meticulous propriety is odious.  
And finally, when the men were alone with  
the cigars, and Mark was still flowing on  
in the vein of recollection, Courtney Grace  
turned to Richard with a well-simulated yawn,  
and said:  
"Selby, this fellow may be an  
oddity, but he's an awful bore, all the  
same. Can't you stop him in some way?"  
Richard cheerfully  
answered  
"What's that word  
you mean by that term for you," said Court-  
ney Grace with ostentatious languor.  
"What shall I do to him?" asked Mark  
with mildly impartial speculation.

# THE Outer Man



## A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by  
CAPTAIN L. H.  
'SAUNDERS.

### HOT WEATHER TIES.

In the recent hot weather it has been interesting to see the different methods adopted by different men in the endeavour to keep cool.

The favourite plan on the hottest days seems to be to throw over the waistcoat altogether and to keep the coat unbuttoned, while some men unabashed walk about with waistcoats unbuttoned.

But there is no reason why in hot weather one should give up any attempt to look smart or even respectable. If you propose to dispense with a waistcoat, your tie becomes a matter of greater importance.

I have seen men walking about in the streets with the loose end of a sailor knot or an Albert tie flapping about on their bosoms, and if everybody had not been too hot to notice, the general effect was far from tidy.

The tie in these circumstances should either be long enough to tuck into the top of the trousers or into the cummerbund, or else a bow tie should be worn.

A short tie tied in a sailor knot does not look well with the ends showing, even though they are secured by a tie-clip.

With a soft-fronted shirt a gold safety-pin may be worn, but even this is not altogether satisfactory.

Some men adopt the untidy habit of tucking the ends of their tie into the opening of their shirt, but this looks most ungainly, whether the tie is a narrow or an open-ended one.

### BUYING AN UMBRELLA.

The other day, thanks to a lapse of memory on leaving a railway carriage and a lack of honesty on the part of a fellow-traveller who did not communicate with the left-luggage office, I found myself obliged to get a new umbrella. Incidentally I learnt a tip which may be useful to my readers—though I hope it may be long before such a misfortune as mine makes it necessary for you to put it into practice.

I was searching among the umbrellas on the counter for one which would roll up to about the size of a walking-stick, under the impression that it looked smarter.

Undoubtedly a tight-rolled umbrella does look smarter so long as it is rolled, but as the confiding shopman pointed out in time to make me change my mind, an umbrella of this kind will not stand much wear.

It is quite as expensive as the heavier kind, for there is even more workmanship in it, but both frame and cover must be of lighter material.

The result is that the extra light umbrella cannot possess anything like the strength of the normal-sized one.

The substitution of a steel tube for the old-fashioned cane is now fairly general and is reasonable, for it reduces the size of the umbrella when rolled, without losing anything in strength. But if you once begin reducing the size of the ribs and the weight of the covering you shorten the life of the umbrella.

And after all an umbrella is not a thing of beauty at best. No one would carry it as an ornament. It is wanted to keep the rain off and not for show. So long as it is rolled up neatly and not carried à la red-nosed music-hall comedian, an inch or two more or less of circumference does not matter much.

### BLACK OR BROWN?

A reader asks me a question which I am afraid I must give up. "Do you consider that black or brown shoes are more fashionable at present?"

I could as easily say whether a frock coat or a lounge suit is the more fashionable. Everything depends on circumstances.

Brown boots or shoes are eminently "unfashionable" with a black coat or with evening dress, but that does not make them any the less "fashionable" with tweeds. It is simply a matter of suiting your footwear to the rest of your clothes.

Of course, black boots or shoes have this advantage, that they are very seldom "wrong." They can be worn on almost any occasion and with almost any clothes, whereas this is certainly not the case with brown footwear.

But at least one pair of brown boots will probably find a place in every well-dressed man's wardrobe, especially if he indulges in outdoor sport and lives the open-air life.

### THE AMERICAN STYLE.

Why is it that you can always spot an American at sight? Even if his face, and sometimes the cigar stuck in it, did not give him away, his clothes invariably do so.

As there is undoubtedly a tendency towards Americanisation in our English attire to-day, it may be interesting to consider some of the most salient features of the American style.

To start from the ground, the Yankee's shoes (most likely of black patent leather) will have high heels which taper downwards after the feminine fashion. They will be of ungainly shape in front and not improbably will have lines scored across between the instep and the toes, while the broad laces are tied in a floppy bow.

Mind you, I am not saying that every American wears shoes of this kind, but if you do see a man wearing them, you are pretty

safe in supposing that he comes from the other side of the Atlantic.

His socks, so far as I have noticed, are not particularly distinctive, but his trousers are of an exaggerated "peg-top" cut, which fit very close at the ankles and very loose about the thighs. Thus he often appears a shorter man than he is.

His coat and waistcoat are less obviously different from the British style to the casual observer, but they are cut on slacker lines than ours, and the lounge coat (for he never seems to wear anything else by day) is longer in the skirt.

In ties he has a predilection for black, very often tied in the form of a bow, while his collars are generally of some peculiar double form, or else a cross between that and the turned-down "Shakespeare" collar.

His favourite hat has now met with some popularity in England that it is no longer distinctive. It is known to the British as a "negligé" hat, and is of soft felt with no apparent front or back to it, but with a pliant circular brim and the top backed by a material favoured by the Americans for his suits it is difficult to find any general distinction, but on the whole more partial to strong checks and patterns than the average Britisher.

It is a curious but undeniable fact that it is easier to distinguish the average American visitor to this country by his appearance than the average Frenchman or German, though if the latter is of the student class he probably proclaims his nationality as his valour, by a carefully cultivated scar or two across his face.

### SIMPLE MAKESHIFTS.

The suggestions in this paragraph are intended principally for the man who has lost and invariably finds that he has left some necessary of his toilet behind. Being one of these luckless mortals myself, I have had occasion to become familiar with a number of little makeshifts, some of which may be well known to all my readers.

They are all, of course, obvious when they happen to remember them, but the man who has left behind the article in question leaves one in such a state of helplessness that the idea of a substitute does not at all occur.

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The first impulse is to borrow. If you are a guest in a private house that may be easy, but at a hotel or in lodgings it cannot always be done.

A shoe horn is an implement that one is liable to forget, since one regards it rather as a piece of the furniture at home.

Yet if you have tight shoes that need the aid of a lift, it is easy to make use of an old envelope or a folded letter.

If a buttonhook is required and cannot be borrowed, it is often possible to borrow a piece of wire or a hairpin, which will prove as effective, when once you get into the knack of using it.

The function of a clothes brush can often be performed fairly satisfactorily by the hand, if the palm is previously dampened. If the suit is brushed over in this way bits of fluff are easily removed.

As regards mud-stains, the way is to allow the mud to dry and to scrape it off with a knife.

String often proves invaluable in temporary repairs. In a serious case where appearance is not very important, a piece of string dipped in the ink-pot will pass for a black bootlace, while a little treatment with strong coffee will enable it to replace a brown one.

A piece of string, also, is an obvious substitute for a garter, but care must be taken to tie it too tight. For the temporary repairing of braces, if no spare parts are handy, string may prove very useful.

The lack of a pair of sleeve-links generally knocks a man out altogether. If he cannot borrow a pair, he will generally appear shamefacedly without any.

Better than this it would be to use a stud, but a still better plan is possible if you have

with you a set of detachable fancy waistcoat buttons. Two pairs of these can be fixed together by means of a bit of thin string or by a bit of copper wire or a split ring if such things are available, and the result is a very presentable pair of sleeve-links, for no one is likely to study them very closely.

The lack of a tie-clip is easily remedied if a safety-pin or a wire paper-fastener can be found, and the sponge, which is probably left behind more often than anything else, can be more or less adequately replaced by a handkerchief.

#### A BOW TIE HINT.

A correspondent sends me a letter which may be of interest to other readers. He has bought himself a bow tie, and discovered on trying it on that it was too long to make a neat bow. As it is impossible for him to change it, he wants to know whether he must just cut the loss, or whether there is any way of making the tie useful.

The best method, as I think I have observed before, is to get a piece cut out of the back of the tie and to have the two ends joined up so as to make the tie the right length, or to have a "tuck" made in it.

But an alternative is to tie the tie after the fashion regularly adopted by many men for their evening dress ties.

Start tying the tie in the ordinary manner, but at the last stage before pulling it tight, instead of putting the second end through in the form of a loop, put it through singly and pull the knot tight.

The long loose end is then tucked in between the collar and the collar-band of the shirt, being then tucked down inside the shirt.

The result is that you have a single bow instead of a double one, with only one end and one loop showing. The difference is scarcely perceptible, and the bow can be easily adjusted to the right length, since it does not matter how long the loose end is.

#### SPATS.

There is no doubt that spats are now firmly established in favour for men of all ages, and for every season, summer as well as winter.

Five years or so ago spats had become almost extinct, but like most fashions, they have now come back.

It is difficult to avoid a feeling that spats are not suitable for a young man, but that they are rather the concomitant of age and respectability. This idea is now quite exploded, and an elderly man wearing spats is almost liable to be accused of trying to appear young.

I do not know that spats at this season of the year serve any very useful purpose. In the winter at least they serve to keep the feet warm. In summer they have to be made of the lightest canvas to prevent them from doing so.

Either in white, buff or light grey, summer spats add greatly to the smartness of a man's appearance, but especially in the last-named colour. White spats, possibly from stage associations, always convey a suggestion of the overdressed bounder.

#### THE SAFEST POCKET.

As many of my readers may remember, there was recently some discussion in the public Press as to which was the safest pocket for the bestowal of valuables, and the hip pocket came in for a good deal of abuse, both from the police and from other authorities, as being the easiest pocket to pick of any that a man possesses.

In crowded streets, therefore, and in other places frequented by the light-fingered fraternity, it is the height of folly to carry valuables in the hip pocket.

But for the dweller in the country it is a different matter. What he has to guard against is not the removal of his purse or

cigarette case by some rather less than honest individual, but the falling out unnoticed of these or other possessions.

I suppose a large number of men carry silver cigarette cases in one of the upper waistcoat pockets. Unless the waistcoat fits very tightly—and, for reasons of comfort, the sportsman's very rarely does—you have only to bend forward and the case is liable to tumble out.

In the garden, on the golf links, and many times a day in the course of a country holiday, one assumes positions in which the contents of any of the waistcoat pockets and of the inside ticket pocket of the coat are liable to fall out.

If you lie down or lounge in a chair the contents of the side trouser pockets may fall out and not be missed.

The one pocket from which an article cannot fall out unaided is the hip pocket, which is fitted with a button to close it.

The side pockets of the coat are rendered fairly safe by the flaps, but even these are not so safe from accident as the buttoned hip pocket.

This is a point worthy of the notice of those men who, reading of the universal condemnation of the hip pocket, buttoned or not, have vowed never again to have such a pocket in their suit. We are not all forced to mix in a society where the warning "Beware of pickpockets" is necessary, and on our rare incursions into the villainous atmosphere of the City we can transfer our valuables to another pocket.

Another pocket which is very easy of access to the pickpocket is the inside breast pocket, in which most men elect to carry their pocket book. It is a wise plan to have that pocket fitted with a flap and a button if you carry anything valuable in it, for the would-be thief will probably attract your attention in undoing it.

## GAMAGES

FOR

Comfortable  
Holiday Wear.

THE "UP-RIVER"  
NEGLIGE  
FLANNELS

In consequence of the wonderful success of our Neglige Jackets we are now making them in smart Grey Flannels in all shades, patterns of which will be sent on request. These jackets are half lined, which imparts a distinctive smartness to them, keeping the shape better and providing protection where most needed against evening chills.

Jacket and trousers 27/-  
Jackets ready made 17/6  
Trousers to measure  
only - - - 9/6

Self-measurement form  
and patterns post free.

A. W. GAMAGE Ltd. & BENETFINK & CO. Ltd.  
HOLBORN. CHEAPSIDE.



LAST WEEK OF

# JOHN PIGGOTT'S SALE.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Holiday Suits, Trousers, Hats, Cycles, etc.

John Piggott, Ltd., 112 & 118, Cheapside, & Milk St., E.C.

Mention "M. M."

## Oatine

When the skin is irritated after shaving, use OATINE. It instantly relieves tenderness and soreness of the skin.

### A FREE SAMPLE

of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 3d. in stamps (½ d. stamps preferred), a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations and book on Face Massage.

THE OATINE CO., 76a, Oatine Bldg., Marmalade Ct., London, S.E.

MANUFACTURER'S CUT PRICES.

Price 5/9 Carriage paid.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.

Have you 50%? Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, Polished Oak, Plated Fittings. Full length. Take 4 pairs. GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. 7 days' approval. Money returned if not satisfied. Further Particulars Free.

R. CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Rd., London, S.W.

When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

## BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

**F. H. (Oxford).**—Your best plan is to take a swim before breakfast, but at any rate you should never swim for at least an hour after a meal. We advise you not to go in for speed swimming if your heart is at all weak.

**D. S. (Nottingham).**—Avoid those people who advertise offering positions as stewards on liners. Such positions are almost impossible to obtain, as there are scores of applicants for every vacancy.

**W. A. B. (Durham).**—As we have so often said, a man suffering from curvature of the spine should consult a doctor before taking up any form of physical exercise, otherwise he may do himself much harm and no good.

**H. G. (Walthamstow).**—Our heartiest thanks are due to you for having secured two new readers. We have hundreds of letters from men who say they like the paper, but actions speak louder than words. Good luck to you in your new business venture.

**A. H. (Bristol).**—Your dog appears to be suffering from over-feeding. Give him a good dose of castor-oil. If that does not make him well, consult a vet.

**R. M. D. (High Wycombe).**—We advise you to have an inner band of flannel to your straw hat instead of one of leather. Flannel will absorb sweat without leaving a mark, but a stained leather band looks very bad.

**C. F. (Birmingham).**—Some horses' mouths are very uneven, and it is difficult to correct the fault of pulling always to one side. Try your horse with a different bit. The saddler patronised by your firm will lend you a few, and you can try for yourself which is best.

**E. B. H. (Glasgow).**—A few drops of paraffin sprinkled on the head is an excellent remedy for falling hair. Be very sparing in your use of the paraffin, however, or the smell will be objectionable.

**T. M. (Dundee).**—Your complaint that your wrists and the backs of your hands are very hairy, is unusual. Most men like them to be so, for a vigorous growth of hair is an evidence of strength.

**V. S. (Portsmouth).**—We quite agree with you that serving behind the counter of a drapery shop is not very pleasant this weather, but, as a matter of fact, it is just as hot in an office, and you are fortunate in that you live near the sea. Get out as much as possible in the evenings, and take advantage of your surroundings.

**C. R. (Liverpool).**—If you want to obtain a commission in the Territorial Force, the first step is to write to the Adjutant of the unit you desire to join, and to ask whether there are any vacancies. State at the same time the amount of military training you have had, if any.

**H. M. J. (Belfast).**—The head office of the White Star Line is at 1, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.; that of the Cunard Line is at 29, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. Make your application in writing to the secretary of the company you select.

**J. W. (Dublin).**—You can obtain THE MODERN MAN cigarettes and tobacco from Carson, tobacconist, 1, North Earl Street, Dublin.

**C. B. M. (Margate).**—You will find a list of camp necessities in a back number of THE MODERN MAN. A pair of khaki trousers or "slacks" as they are called, will be very useful and are quite cheap.

**F. J. R. (Preston).**—There is no opening in your present profession in Canada. But if you choose to take to farming there is work in plenty.

**R. C. (Ealing).**—You would probably find it cheaper to leave your bicycle at home and to

hire one in France if you only require it for casual work during your holiday. If you propose touring, join the Cyclists' Touring Club who will advise you and save you a lot.

**F. C. (Eastbourne).**—You would certainly get a better price by advertising than by going to a dealer, but of course there is the question of carriage to be considered.

**R. R. M. (Glasgow).**—Sorry your name was omitted owing to the change of address. It will duly appear in the supplementary list.

**J. F. W. (Ludlow).**—Write to your company officer. He will forward your request to the commanding officer. Don't write to the latter direct.

**A. J. D. (Stratford).**—Write to the editor of one of your local papers. He will be able to tell you. You can't expect us to keep in touch with every item of purely local news.

**A. J. H. (Letchworth).**—You can obtain all available back numbers of this paper by ordering them through your newsagent. You will not, however, be able to get very many of them, as most of our back numbers are sold out. You can, of course, advertise for those which you cannot obtain direct.

**G. F. (Burnley), W. H. (Southwark), R. E. W. (Sask, Canada), H. C. (Leeds), J. L. (Worcester), G. T. B. C. (Cardigan), S. H. (Knocklong), W. T. B. (Buxton), G. B. M. (Newcastle), T. F. (Edinburgh).**—Please accept our best thanks.



**Fish Bite** like hungry wolves and fill your basket if you use INDIAN MAGIC FISH LURE. Best fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Samples, 1d. post paid. Agents wanted.—Domestic Supply Co., 123H Box, Holly House, Robin Hood, Wakefield.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem London."

**BUY FROM O'Brien** **WRITE FOR LISTS**

You save POUNDS if you buy a cycle from me, and I give the longest credit. Brand new latest HUMBER, ROVER, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, TRIUMPH, QUADRANT, PROGRESS, PREMIER, SWIFT, REMINGTON, CENTAUR and SINGER cycles supplied.

**AT 5/- MONTHLY.** Quick delivery; sent on approval; money returned if dissatisfied. **HIGH-GRADE COVENTRY CYCLES** from **23 10s. Cash.** **EDWARD O'BRIEN, Ltd.** World's Largest Cycle Dealer (Dept. 102).

**5/- MONTHLY COVENTRY 12 YEARS' GUARANTEE.**

## THE SPORTING TIMES

Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

Smarter and More Amusing than Ever.

Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.

WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY.

Published Every Friday,

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## LEAGUE NAMES.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their address recently, would kindly inform us as soon as possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. An application form for membership, with full particulars of the badges issued, will be found on another page.

## MORRISTON.

B. GEORGE, 35, Bush Road.  
D. JAMES, 1, Springfield Street.  
J. T. JOHNS, 26, Springfield.  
J. B. LEWIS, 12, Rock Terrace.  
W. J. LLOYD, 13, Market Street.  
T. POINER, Bowen Terrace.  
W. J. TRACY, 93, Woodfield Street.

## MOUNTAIN ASH.

F. DAVIES, 18, Jeffrey Street.  
W. J. GRIFFITHS, 3, Beckett Street.  
J. J. NOLAN, Cowny Cottage.

## MULLINGAR.

A. E. F. HOUSE, Bryanstown.

## MUMBLES.

E. A. HARRIS, 12, Church Park.

## MUSSELBURGH.

R. HORNERS, 3, Station Road.  
J. LEES, 2, Carlyle Place.  
H. McNAUGHTON, 12, West Place, Levenhall.  
W. STEWART, Eskside South.  
J. WOOD, 24, High Street.

## MYTHOLMROYD.

D. HUGHES, Co-operative Society, Ltd.

## NAIRN.

J. FRASER, 3, Railway Terrace.  
R. H. MACKINTOSH, 11, Portland Terrace.  
J. A. WATSON, 25, High Street.

## NANTWICH.

E. J. ANDREWS, Edleston Cottage.  
G. M. GOODWIN, Monks Hall, Hankelow.  
T. H. GOODWIN, Monks Hall, Hankelow.

## NANTYMOEL.

D. W. JONES, 36, Brookland Terrace.

## NEATH.

H. O. CHATHAM, 2, Charles Street.  
R. D. HARRIS, Gwalia House, Seven Sisters.  
B. H. D. HURST, 44, Balance Street.  
W. J. JONES, Tynant House, Bryncoch.  
A. WALKER, 10, Osborne Street.  
D. R. WILLIAMS, 9, Eastland Road.  
E. T. WILLIAMS, 120, Windsor Road.

## NELSON.

A. L. BERRY, "The Poplars."  
E. W. BERRY, "The Poplars."  
S. BRIERLEY, 30, Violet Grove.  
M. BROWN, 5, North Street.  
W. J. DEAN, 63, Carleton Street.  
G. A. DONALDSON, 17, Commercial Road.  
E. HAMER, 2, Bridge Mill Road, Loamestaye Road.  
P. W. HARRISON, 35, Carleton Street.  
T. HEWITSON, 70, Whitehall Street.  
G. R. HORSFALL, "Summerbrook."  
H. HOWE, 36, Bracewell Street.  
A. LEACH, 36, Halifax Road.  
H. MILLER, 93, Vernon Street.  
J. READ, 36, Elizabeth Street.  
J. RILEY, Derby Hotel.  
T. E. SAGAR, 11, Cliffe Street.  
— SUGDEN (Corpl.), 13, Vulcan Street.  
G. TIPLADE, 43, Princess Street.  
J. M. TITHERINGTON, 12, Bankhouse Road.  
W. H. TOOLEY, Readyford Lodge.  
H. WADDINGTON, 150, Bakerhouse Road.

## NEVILLE'S CROSS.

P. H. PEARSON, "Ellesmere."  
R. A. PEARSON, "Ellesmere."

## NEWARK-ON-TRENT.

I. W. ALLEN, 58, Barmby Gate.  
S. McN. DAVIS, Willowmere House, Farndon.  
J. G. FORMAN, North Scarle.

## NEW BARNET.

S. G. POYLE, 2, Cornwall Villas, East Barnet Road.

## NEW BRANCEPETH.

C. H. JOHNSON, 14, Sleetburn Street.

## NEW BRIGHTON.

F. FRANCOM, Field Road.  
R. D. MORRIS, 30, Richmond Street.  
W. RAMSDEN, "Littleholme," Burlington Road, Marine Park.  
E. H. SOLAINI, "Thorneley," Dudley Road.

## NEWBURY.

C. W. ALLAWAY, 10, Shaw Crescent.  
S. BROWN, 1, Stone's Cottages, Victoria Park.  
F. CHURCH, 3, Ort Road, King's Road.  
G. E. DREWITT, Hope Cottage, Compton.  
A. A. GILES, "Silver Birch," Greenham.  
A. G. SALMONS, West Woodhay House.

## NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME.

H. BRANT, c/o Messrs. Webster & Pearce, 1 and 2, Town Market.  
F. RILEY, 42, Tom Fields, Wood Lane, Bignall End.  
G. TURNER, Wood Lane, Bignall End.  
W. TURNER, Wood Lane, Bignall End.

(To be continued.)



# Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason. In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

**In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.**

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed " & Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

## DRESS.

coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

2 2s. solid cowhide suit case, 22in., very best quality and finish, two silver-plated locks, etc., only once used; sacrifice, 27s. 6d., approval.—Box 4760, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

2 1s. 11d.; weight 21ozs. Chest measure only required.—Ross's, Outfitters, Middlesbrough.

ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and jackets. Send height and chest measure (over not approved).—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

cost 3 ns., 21s.—Box 4763, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

condition, complete captain's outfit, new complete or separately; state wants; price very moderate.—Box 4764, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

White flannel trousers, scarcely worn, waist 32in., leg, outside 43in., inside 31½in., 5s.—Box 4765, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, netting and poles for single cricket pitch; full length with roof; also matting.—Box 4776, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's Raleigh, 26-in. frame, free wheel, up-turned bars, 2 roller brakes; bargain; as new, 63s.—Box 4777, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's cycle; Armstrong, 3-speed and all latest improvements; new a month ago; accept £3 15s.; reason for selling, buying motor cycle.—Box 4778, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Golf set of 9 clubs, 8 balls in leather bag, 25s.—Box 4779, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Tennis. £3 3s. set standard and net of latest type, rigid ash posts, ground plates, screw anchorage, brass net winder, complete with full-size waterproof net, canvas top, steel cord, just as new, complete for 30s.; 2 splendid 12s. 6d. racquets, 6s. 6d. each; lot 39s. 6d.—Box 4780, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, tent, striped canvas, 6ft. by 6ft. by 6 ft., no centre pole, complete, beech framework; also Gamage's folding camp bed with mattress, 35s., or separate if desired.—Box 4781, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good size second-hand garden tent, complete for cash, not bell.—Box 4782, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## MEDICAL, &c.

The Moustache Grower. Pendun's Moustache Pomade forces a magnificent Moustache in a remarkably short time on the most boyish face. A 6d. tin will be sent by return in plain wrapper (postage 1d. extra). Send 7d. to A. Pendun (Dept. D), 597, Holloway Road, London, N.

Valuable recipes for sale: Tooth Powder, Moustache Grower, Falling Hair and Dandruff Cure, 7d. each, lot 1s. 6d.—Hughes, Arcade, Weston-super-Mare.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Hollow-Ground Razors; same as used by all the leading hairdressers; 2s. 6d. each, post free.—Morgan, Toilet Saloon, Downton, Wilts.

Horses. Advice given as to care and management. Life experience. Postal order 1s.—Box 4762, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 8d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

21s. safety razor, brand new, 3s. 4d. post free.—Box 4758, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

No more round shoulders; wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion, post free 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

Astrology. When you are tired of experimenting with mysterious advertisers who fail to give you satisfaction, send birth-date and 1s. P.O. for a real astrological reading, and two years' useful advice to Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

Quarter-plate Klito, hardly used, in case. Collapsible metal stand, 3 dishes, 3 frames, tank and rack, scales, measuring-glass, lamp. Complete outfit. Lot 25s., or sell separately.—Box 4761, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## EDUCATIONAL.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally. Treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

Sloan-Duployan up-to-date shorthand. Saves a year's study. Highest speeds. Simple. Rapid. Legible. Practical. Learned in twelve lessons. Interesting handbooks free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

## SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high-grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

## FINANCIAL, &c.

Important. £1 and upwards may be invested in a sound speculative investment to produce large profits without delay.—Address for particulars, Mr. Dawson, Bushbury, Wolverhampton.

American and Home Rails. What to do and when to do it.—G. Bratley, 52, Station Parade, Harrogate.

## MEDICAL, &c.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12 S. 6 D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32 S. 6 D.—Powerful £12 12s. double-draw Binoculars, 12 lens magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, quick focus, brilliant field of view, great penetration power; English leather case; week's free trial; great sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval.

10 S. 6 D.—Gent's heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

22 S. 6 D.—Gladstone-Bag, solid cowhide, 24in., strong leather straps, nickel silver fittings, etc.; perfect condition, unsoiled; magnificent £4 4s. bag; sacrifice, 22s. 6d. Approval.

19 S. 6 D.—Gent's superior quality, £4 15s. tailor-made Indigo Blue Serge Jacket Suit by West-End tailor; smart, stylish cut and finish; 39in. breast, 36in. waist, 32in. leg; never worn; great bargain, 19s. 6d. Approval.

12 S. 6 D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

29 S. 6 D.—Magnificent £8 8s. Double Breech-loader Gun, 12-bore, top lever, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, perfect condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

# GRAND NEW COMPETITION.

## £100 IN CASH PRIZES.

IN WHICH YOUNG, MIDDLE AGED, AND OLD HAVE EQUAL CHANCE.

A pair of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells to be sent

### FOR FREE TRIAL

and carriage paid at once to every reader of THE MODERN MAN who desires to enter this simple competition.

The Sandow Grip Dumb-Bells, which will be sent immediately to every reader who applies, may be used freely for seven days, and there is no obligation at all to purchase, nor is there any charge whatever.

### THIS AMAZING OFFER

gives every one of the readers of THE MODERN MAN the opportunity to prove for themselves, without a penny of cost, how delightful and valuable this great new Competition for £100 in cash prizes really is. At the same time, every reader of THE MODERN MAN will learn entirely at our expense how easy it is by the means of this wonderful scientific invention of Mr. Eugene Sandow, the greatest health explorer in the world, to secure perfect health and prevent such ailments as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Insomnia, &c., and also improve his or her physique; to increase the strength of any or all the limbs and organs of the body; to render the carriage graceful and distinguished and acquire that appearance and bearing which commands success in society, in business—in fact, in all the affairs of life.

Any reader can enter; the conditions are such that every boy, youth, young man, middle-aged man or woman, and even old men and women have equal chance of winning.

It is the natural desire of every intelligent boy, youth, young man, and young woman, to improve the physique and enhance their appearance, health, and general well being. This amazing offer of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells and Generous Prize Competition provides a wonderful opportunity and inducement to do all these things.

The middle-aged man and woman must keep healthy, strong, and vigorous, and must prevent the encroachment of the hundred and one ailments of middle life. This offer and Competition will introduce to them the most perfect form of health exercise with monetary reward thrown in. The elderly must set back the clock if they are to enjoy the evening of life. Elderly readers may not only do this by a few minutes a day with Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells, but may also secure the £100 in cash, which would come in so useful.

With every pair will be sent a Booklet of Exercises, showing you in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

The chart contains one month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-Bells.

To secure the Dumb-Bells on absolutely free trial and full details of the

### £100 IN CASH PRIZES

simply send in the Form below. Send no money. Only this form.

## FREE TRIAL AND £100 PRIZE COMPETITION FOR READERS.

To Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,  
Room 39, Sandow Hall,  
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date

1911.

Gentlemen,—Please send by return for free trial one pair\* of your Spring Grip Dumb-Bells (and particulars of the £100 free Competition) at .. .. .  
Youths' .. .. .  
Ladies' .. .. .

Suitable for age.  
12s. 6d. 18 and up.  
10s. 6d. 14 to 18.  
10s. 6d. 16 and up.

It is understood that I may either return the Dumb-Bells at the end of seven days without any obligation, or if I decide upon keeping same I will forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as the first payment, and the balance in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. until payment is completed.

Signed.....

Address .....

\* Please cross out sizes not required.